

The Nation.

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EDITORIAL

ATMOSPHERE & POLLUTION

From the reaction of the White House and the U.S. news media, one might think that Mikhail Gorbachev's first major foreign policy act was a setback to the prospects for arms control and peace. In fact, Gorbachev's April 7 statement was an attempt to improve Soviet-American relations and the atmosphere surrounding the nuclear weapons talks in Geneva. Responding to President Reagan's suggestion for a summit meeting, Gorbachev announced that the Soviet Union would unilaterally stop deployment of medium-range missiles in Europe at least until November.

White House spokesmen and Cabinet members lashed out at Gorbachev's proposal as a cynical propaganda gesture. In the Administration's view, the Soviet action was just another "attempt to divide Western allies and gain a propaganda coup."

Typically, much of the media echoed the White House line. A *New York Times* news analysis said that Gorbachev's proposal signaled that "the sharp political differences between the two sides may intensify in coming months." NBC News declared that the proposal "smacked of propaganda."

True, Gorbachev's decision to freeze missile deployment is something that the Soviet Union has proposed before, and that the United States has rejected, saying it would give the nuclear edge to the Russians. But why not accept the proposal by the new man in the Kremlin as having been made in good faith and use it as a basis for further negotiations? Why roil the atmosphere for the Geneva talks by denouncing every Soviet initiative as a propaganda ploy aimed at our European allies? The effect will be to harden the Kremlin's negotiating stance and rekindle realistic fears on the Continent that Reagan is not bargaining seriously.

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MOYNIHAN II:

MAXIMUM FEASIBLE REVISIONISM

ANDREW KOPKIND

Cambridge, Massachusetts

The last time I saw Pat Moynihan was in the Faculty Club at Harvard in '68 and he said poor people were boring. "But, ah, the rich!" he sighed, lifting his eyes from the thick napery and solid silver to the ceiling, like a friar in a fresco. "The rich are *truly* interesting." I searched that famous florid countenance for traces of irony or mischief, but if they were there (and I fully believed they were) they were expertly concealed. What I sensed was sarcasm that conveyed a serious message: the (brief) era of the poor as a politically attractive constituency was ending; henceforth social policy would concern the supply of goods for the greedy instead of the demand of services for the needy; and dinner conversations would be cast in a new key and a higher tone.

Moynihan was back at Harvard last week, and after a generation of neglecting the poor, he was talking about them again. The occasion was the Godkin Lectures (endowed in 1903 by friends of E.L. Godkin, a founder and the first editor of *The Nation*) and the venue was the John F. Kennedy School of Government, a multi-modular Lego set of a building, where the rich and famous of the political establishment sometimes spend their holidays studying the lifestyles of the poor and powerless. Moynihan's return was clearly a big deal. He was introduced by university president Derek Bok, whose wife, Sissela, the ethicist, sat nearby and smiled appreciatively at the several pointed references Moynihan made to her mother, the Swedish sociologist Alva Myrdal. The front rows of the

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LETTERS.

MEMO HOAX

Washington

Christopher Hitchens's column on "the Garn mission" and the Strategic Defense Initiative is really very funny in places, even though it probably wasn't intended to be ["Minority Report," March 16].

Less funny were his references to an alleged "confidential memorandum" attributed to the Heritage Foundation. Not that we can't take the heat or don't enjoy *The Nation's* pious barbs, but in fact the Heritage Foundation and its staff had nothing to do with that memorandum.

It was written by John T. Bosma, editor of "Military Space," a newsletter published by Pasha Publications in Arlington, Virginia (a private firm which publishes a variety of specialized newsletters).

The memo was not written for the Heritage Foundation or with the knowledge of the Heritage Foundation. What happened is that somebody reproduced the memo, apparently in large quantities, on Heritage Foundation letterhead. This was done without our knowledge. At the time, in fact, nobody at the Heritage Foundation knew anything about the memo.

We have no idea who was responsible for this hoax. Bosma admits that he wrote the memo as a "think piece" for the internal use of an organization he was consulting for at the time. That organization was not Heritage. Bosma says he has no idea who made bogus copies of the memo on the Heritage Foundation's letterhead. Nor do we.

Herb B. Berkowitz

Vice President, Heritage Foundation

HITCHENS REPLIES

Washington

The Heritage Foundation isn't funny even when, in its heavily unironic way, it tries to be. First, John Bosma's whacko memo came to me not merely on the Heritage letterhead but with a Heritage cover and file number, "NSR #46: High Frontier: A New Option in Space." It is prominently inscribed, "Not for Release." Second, Heritage staff member Bruce Weinrod has told both *Time* and *The New York Times* that the memo was written for the attention of the foundation. This appears to contradict Berkowitz's assertion that "nobody at the Heritage Foundation knew anything about the memo." As Bosma wrote to Berkowitz on March 11, "I've worked closely with Heritage staffers since 1977 and have been very intimately involved with a number of projects, etc., with them." In these circumstances the urgent desire of Heritage to put distance between itself and the luckless Bosma seems as ungracious as the last paragraph of Berkowitz's letter is naïve.

Bosma now says that he originally wrote the memo for High Frontier, Gen. Daniel Graham's no-less-whacko Star Wars lobby. It may well be that "originally" he did. The letterheads of the two organizations are almost as harmonious as their staffs, their outlooks, and their initials. (This perhaps explains why Berkowitz chooses not to name "that organization.") He has sent his letter to the wrong address, padding it desperately with an irrelevant third paragraph and inventing in the process the idea of "bogus copies" of an admittedly genuine memo by an admittedly close associate. It's understandable, but not in the least convincing, that he should try to deny his share of the parentage of such a misshapen creature.

Christopher Hitchens

MISPLACED CRITICISM

Oberlin, Ohio

If the adage "Bad publicity is better than no publicity" applies to book reviews, I thank you for Vivienne Walt's review of my book on South Africa ["The Limits of Sisterhood," March 2]. Walt apparently had a clear idea of the book she wanted to read, but it wasn't mine. She criticized *Cry Amandla!* mainly for what wasn't in it.

My book is not a history of women opposing apartheid. Therefore, the accusation that I did not write such a history is irrelevant. I was not using Thenjie Minto to "compensate for [my] lack of historical knowledge." I was using Thenjie's and other women's words to convey what apartheid society felt like in the late 1970s.

I would like to have been more up-to-date, but I finished writing my book in 1981. The South African government denied me a visa to return in 1980. I doubt that they would let me return now, because they banned my book last year.

I guess I have more faith (I'd like to think it is not blind) than Walt in the intelligence of readers. I believe that the majority of readers *do* have the ability to recognize the nuances and complexities in racist comments. And the impact of the comments is greater in understatement than if I had jumped up and down and pointed at the bigotry. I believe the reader can discern the layers of complexity in the example she gave: an Afrikaner woman who said, "Blacks are born with gonorrhea and syphilis. Do you realize how serious the problem is?" In the United States we confront the same comments.

She charges that I separate Afrikaners from the rest of white society in a way that no longer reflects political reality. Although English-speaking whites vote increasingly for the ruling National Party, it is the Afrikaners who run the apartheid bureaucracy (one third of them are employed in it),

the government and the military. I paid tribute to revolutionary whites, such as Helen Joseph, Beyers Naude and Cedric Mayson, who oppose the system. But even they have minimal impact compared with the overwhelming black opposition. My assessment that South Africa is polarized into Afrikaners and Africans remains valid. English-speaking South Africans would wish it otherwise. They do not like to confront their virtual powerlessness as a bloc. My book covers the liberal whites who constantly bemoan the rightward shift of English-speaking whites.

June Goodwin

WALT REPLIES

New York City

It is true that I criticized June Goodwin for what she left out, but that included some significant elements. While stark racism should not be discounted as a factor within the struggle in South Africa, it is not the whole story. Goodwin would have provided a far more interesting account had she broadened her horizons from the question of color to include issues of class and gender.

South African politics is increasingly complex, and incomplete knowledge can be dangerous, as Ted Koppel showed us at times during his recent *Nightline* week in South Africa. I commend Goodwin for choosing to write a book on South African women, but her subtitle promised us some understanding of "The Question of Power," and the reader had a right to expect it.

Goodwin is correct in saying that "overwhelming black opposition" is more of a challenge to apartheid than single individuals within the country, but people like Beyers Naude and Helen Joseph will surely be remembered as important figures, irrespective of their color, when the definitive history of South Africa is one day written.

As I am in the process of editing a book of interviews with women guerrillas, I understand some of the structural problems Goodwin faced, such as searching for a connecting thread and avoiding making the interviewees appear to be stereotypes.

Goodwin gave us some interesting interviews, and although I still insist she should not have allowed the right-wing women to speak without comment or footnotes, I suspect that it is those interviews that will be of most interest to her readers.

Vivienne Walt

AUTHOR'S QUERY

Berkeley, Calif.

For the first, full-length biography of Ethel Rosenberg, I would appreciate hearing from anyone with personal reminiscences of her or her family.

Ilene Philipson
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EDITORIALS.

Japan Bashing

Like two sumo wrestlers, the United States and Japan are locked in another trade dispute. We can expect a lot of programmed grunting and grappling by these two world-class economic behemoths and much outrageous noise from the U.S. Congressional section of the bleachers. Senator Robert Packwood has emerged as the cheerleader, making threats of retaliatory sanctions. The Japanese make a good scapegoat, with racist undertones, for closed factories in

Youngstown, Ohio, and Pittsburgh, and unemployed auto workers in Detroit. President Reagan remains above the battle; he has an economic summit in Bonn next month, so his script calls for him piously to deplore protectionism. With Congress prepared to wield the big stick, he can afford to speak softly and let the anti-Japanese emotions run riot.

Bashing Japan Inc. won't solve the problems of the U.S. economy, however, or wipe out the growing U.S. trade deficit. Even if Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone swept away all the customs barriers of his hermetic kingdom and persuaded his people to buy American, Japan could ingest only \$2 billion to \$3 billion in additional U.S. imports.

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Moreover, if we hit Japan, why not Canada, to whom we were \$20 billion in the red last year? Japan is only part of the problem of too many American dollars chasing too many foreign goods; in the Far East, Singapore and Taiwan are rudely elbowing Japan for a share of the shrinking world market for consumer goods, and the debtor nations of Latin America are desperately seeking more foreign exchange to pay the vigorish demanded by multinational bankers. The United States is expected to sop up \$400 billion worth of foreign goods and services this year, so a wave of Smoot-Hawley-style protectionism here could send the global economy spinning out of control. As a result of the foreign trade deficit and heavy overseas borrowing, the United States has become a net debtor nation for the first time since 1914. Welcome to Brazil, fellow North Americans.

The major cause of American goods' inability to compete in Japan and elsewhere in the world is the overvalued dollar. The President, of course, seems to regard a strong dollar with the same reverence as a strong defense, but it's the latter that's a proximate cause of the former. Out-of-control defense spending coupled with lower taxes fueled the deficit at home, which in turn generated all those high-interest Treasury notes foreigners are buying.

The U.S. obsession with national security, now at its apogee, has been a drag on this country's economic competitiveness for a long time. Here the contrast with Japan is instructive. Since its postwar miracle began, Tokyo has pursued a policy that places economic interests above the pursuit of illusory military security. The United States has done just the opposite, to the neglect of its economic base at home and to the detriment of its trade abroad.

Someday, perhaps, we'll get smart. Meanwhile, our sumo man will bump theirs and vice versa. The spectators should know, however, that the show is as finely choreographed as a Kabuki play, and just as relevant to the chronic ills besetting the United States and the world economies.

Socialists Meet

The 1,500 people who gave up a sunny spring weekend to attend the Socialist Scholars Conference—the third in its post-1960s incarnation—encountered a stunning variety of presenters and presentations. More than eighty panels discussed Marxist theory, the Eastern European experience, the Westmoreland case, crime and violence, class and sexuality and a host of other subjects.

Participants all acknowledged the existence of a crisis on the left (the conference's theme) but disagreed in their explanations for it. A speaker at the opening session contrasted the relative success of the religious left with the weakness of its secular wing and suggested that the latter was losing out because it had abandoned moral discourse. Other participants agreed that the Soviet model of socialist society was held in low regard among left-wing thinkers but clashed over whether any new models had emerged to

replace it. Panelists differed, too, in their agendas for future action. One speaker argued that the American left's main task is to support the international struggle by opposing U.S. interventionism; others advocated concentrating on a domestic agenda.

Representatives from a broad range of leftist organizations debated these points with passion but without sectarian venom. That ecumenical spirit was the conference's strong point, and it encouraged optimism about prospects for coalition building. The conference's weakness was that the spectrum was limited to one end of the rainbow. As former CORE leader James Farmer pointed out, participants were overwhelmingly white.

The Nation sponsored a discussion titled "*The Nation, Nicaragua and the Left*," using Michael Massing's April 6 article, "Hard Questions on Nicaragua," as a takeoff point (see responses, page 456 of this issue). We also had a table in the exhibition hall, selling subscriptions and back issues and answering questions about how to get a *Nation* T-shirt (send \$7.95 to our office and specify size), why we invited right-wing magazines to our conference of critical journals (to debate political issues and promote common interests, such as lower postal rates) and why we "censored" Alexander Cockburn (we didn't—we had an agreement with Massing that responses to his article would run in a later issue). Talking with our subscribers, and signing up new ones, was one of the pleasures of the conference.

Anti-Duarte Tilt

The Deputy Chief of Mission in the U.S. Embassy in El Salvador stands accused of making remarks that raise questions about his suitability for the post and about the Reagan Administration's intentions in Central America. A delegation of U.S. labor leaders who visited San Salvador in February say that then Acting Ambassador David Passage told them the United States favored a coalition of opposition parties connected with military and business leaders over President José Napoleón Duarte's Christian Democrats in the March 31 General Assembly elections. Officially, the U.S. government was neutral in the elections, which resulted in a surprise victory for the Christian Democrats.

The labor leaders say that at the meeting, which took place on February 2, Passage tacitly endorsed the use of death squads by the Salvadoran military. Specifically, they say he told them that a woman selected to receive a Robert F. Kennedy Foundation Award for her work in human rights "deserves" to be killed by security forces because her sons are fighting with antigovernment guerrillas.

The delegation included leaders of some of the largest unions in the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Among those present were Victor Gotbaum, vice president of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees; Keith Johnson, president of the International Woodworkers of America; and Jack Sheinkman, secretary-treasurer of the Amalga-

mated Clothing and Textile Workers Union. Five others who attended all agreed that Passage had made the remarks attributed to him. The eight were interviewed separately; several had taken notes.

According to the labor leaders, although Passage did not openly endorse the right-wing coalition, his words left no doubt that the embassy favored its candidates. They recall that speaking of a possible opposition victory, he used the phrase "not particularly undesirable," and he said a loss by the Christian Democrats "would be fine." The reference to the Christian Democrats "woke everybody up and we asked him to repeat that," says David Dyson, an official of the A.C.T.W.U., who is preparing a report on the meeting. Passage did so in a way those present understood as indicating a shift away from Duarte. "It amazed all of us," Gotbaum says.

The labor leaders report that Passage said the coalition would provide a counterweight on the right to Duarte—that it would slow down his peace negotiations with the rebels, his plans for redistributing the land and for removing the judiciary from the control of the right. They say Passage explained that Duarte was moving "too fast" for the army's liking and his actions might provoke a coup.

Passage denies that he expressed a preference for the coalition's candidates at the briefing. "The issue of U.S. support for one side or another never arose," he says. "I talked to them for about an hour and a half. They are reporting an American Embassy position that we have repeatedly denied."

Nearly all the labor people interviewed used words like "shocked" to characterize their reactions to Passage's remarks about the death squads. They say the subject came up when Sheinkman asked why four of the five Salvadoran women human rights workers chosen to receive Kennedy Foundation Awards last November had been denied visas to come to the United States. (The awards are voted by a panel of prominent persons and go to individuals or groups that have "stood up against oppression at great personal risk.") Passage replied that the women had applied for visas under false names. When a member of the delegation said the women used aliases because they feared death squad retaliation, Passage commented that Salvadoran security forces already had dossiers on them and had informed the embassy of their identities. One of the women, he said, had sons fighting with the guerrillas. The delegates then remember him saying words very close to what Johnson recorded in a handwritten note at the time: "If death squads got her, it would be what she deserves." A staff member on the trip says that Passage then joked, in words closely paraphrased, "I hope she doesn't get shot coming into the embassy, because that would be inconvenient."

Passage has an entirely different recollection. He remembers saying that "every member of her family had been a guerrilla, that the police had a file on her and that if the police had the opportunity she would probably be dealt with in the same manner as other members of her family had"—in other words, she would be killed. He denies saying she deserves such a fate and explains, "The American Embassy

doesn't make value judgments on a legal matter. I was telling them what I thought would happen."

If a chief U.S. spokesman in a country where the United States has staked so much can call the death squads a "legal matter"—let alone endorse a murder, if the labor leaders are right—the Reagan Administration may have gone even further than it admits in abandoning human rights as a pillar of U.S. foreign policy.

JONATHAN KWITNY

Jonathan Kwitny is author of Endless Enemies: The Making of an Unfriendly World (Congdon & Weed).

Revisionism

(Continued From Front Cover)

Forum, the deep lobby of the building which serves as its auditorium, was jammed with the academic stars—some active and twinkling, others emeritus and faint—of America's premier university. Here John Kenneth Galbraith, there Nathan Glazer, Richard Neustadt, Charles Nesson; the lineup had the look of a slow night on PBS. Network news cameras took up positions in the loges, and students jostled one another, politely, for the last seats in the gods.

What Moynihan said that night (about 40 percent of the fifty-page prepared text) was less interesting than his choice of subject. The fuss that Harvard and the press made about his lectures (front-page articles and a lead editorial in *The New York Times*) was provoked in large part because Moynihan was expected to revive the thesis about poverty he propounded in "The Negro Family: The Case for National Action," a report he prepared for President Lyndon Johnson twenty years ago. That document was a nodal point in social policy-making in postwar America. It identified the poverty class as a black *Lumpenproletariat*, created by the strictures of slavery and perpetuated by a "domineering" matriarchy. The locus of poverty was not the economic system, the political hierarchy or institutional racism, as various scholars and activists had claimed, but the "pathological" fatherless black family.

"A community that allows a large number of young men to grow up in broken families, dominated by women, never acquiring any stable relationship to male authority, never acquiring any set of rational expectations about the future—that community asks for and gets chaos," Moynihan wrote in a 1965 magazine article defending his report. "Crime, violence, unrest, disorder—most particularly the furious, unrestrained lashing out at the whole social structure—that is not only to be expected; it is very near to inevitable."

To cure the black disease—symptomized by crime, violence, unrest (a.k.a. political insurgency), drug addiction, illegitimacy, unemployment, low S.A.T. scores and uppityness—Moynihan prescribed "family policy," which would replace traditional measures like welfare payments and social services. Those, Moynihan argued, tended to reward "broken" black families, promote illegitimacy, and

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

The Good Old Days

It was great to see the early Christians being satisfactorily persecuted in the NBC mini-series *A.D.*, even though the producers did omit the traditional "torchlight pageant" of burning martyrs, without which no decent persecution is properly complete. I'd love to see the Rev. Jerry Falwell going claw to claw in the Colosseum with a hungry tiger. *A.D.* reminded us that there was a pleasant time in human affairs when the Old-Time Gospel Hour would have been a furtive and hasty procedure, conducted at the far end of a dingy catacomb under fear of death.

Nero got scurvy treatment, of course, depicted as a sado-bisexual of the worst sort. Christian propagandists have long since besmirched the reputation of a fine emperor who was an accomplished musician, a robust controversialist, and an all-round upstanding adornment of the humanist tradition. Mayor Koch has presided over many more house fires and kindred acts of urban clearance than Nero ever did, yet he gets great press. Maybe Friends of Nero should put out a campaign bio titled *Emperor*: Nero standing in the Forum with arms outstretched, against a backdrop of toasted martyrs. Learn from the enemy.

Nicaragua: Reagan, 'The Times' and 'The Nation'

Although the Nicaraguan *contras* have yet to hold so much as an acre of Nicaraguan territory and have none of the requisite credentials for such a role, President Reagan's "peace plan" proposes that the Sandinistas negotiate with these U.S.-financed murderers, under the aegis of Archbishop Obando y Bravo—a vociferous enemy of the revolution—and annul the election of November 4.

No one should be surprised that Reagan's advisers have come up with an offer the Nicaraguans cannot accept. Its sole purpose is to demonstrate the Administration's "flexibility" and Nicaraguan "intransigence," and thus coax an unwilling Congress into releasing the \$14 million in military aid to the *contras*. And no one should be surprised that on April 6 *The New York Times* gave its editorial support to Reagan's ploy. Anyone who supposes that Max Frankel, *Times* editorial page editor and front-runner as A.M. Rosenthal's successor as executive editor, will palliate that newspaper's grim neoconservatism need only study its recent editorials on Nicaragua—all of them endorsements of Reagan's strategy.

So much for *The New York Times*. What about *The Nation*? Two weeks ago it published a piece by Michael Massing. Having read it in the office prior to publication I remarked in my column that it was one of the most foolish ever to have been published in the magazine. *The Nation's* editor, Victor Navasky, demanded that I remove those remarks, claiming that Massing deserved a "fair hearing." That implied a rather contemptuous view of this journal's readers, suggesting that their appreciation of Massing would somehow be impaired by unfriendly commentary a few pages away. I also thought it an odd act of censorship from a man who has gone all the way to the Supreme Court with the claim that *The Nation* was justified in publishing filched extracts from President Ford's

memoirs in advance of that book's publication date.

I found Massing's piece awful both in substance and in rhetorical accouterment. The accouterment consisted of the insinuation that "dogmatism" is preventing free debate within the left about the Nicaraguan revolution. Both Massing and Navasky—who rambled on to me mysteriously about Albert Maltz—seem to think that we are in the late 1930s and that the specter of Stalinist orthodoxy prowls the battlements of radical America. They are wrong. There is no Stalinist orthodoxy and there are no left battlements, just scattered heaps of rubble sheltering a few survivors. The claim that hard questions have not—until Massing—been asked about the Nicaraguan revolution in radical and liberal circles is both patronizing and inaccurate. Such questions have been posed across almost the entire wave band of U.S. political discourse since the start of Reagan's first term.

Substantively, Massing's piece is absurd, as can be seen at once from his addiction to "moderate" as a term of political analysis. It's a sign of the slack state of *The Nation's* editorial reflexes that Massing seems to have been granted untrammelled use of this odious word. "Moderate" serves the same function in journalism as "prestigious," a benediction void of intellectual content. Over the past fifteen years we've become habituated to reading about moderate elements in the women's movement, leading black moderates, Palestinian moderates in the West Bank, moderates in the State Department, moderates among the South African leadership, moderates in the Kremlin. Now, with Massing, we find that Daniel Ortega is a moderate too. So much for the leader of the group that most forcefully urged armed popular uprising against Anastasio Somoza.

Standing side by side with Reagan, Massing charges that Nicaragua provoked the United States by forging military ties with Cuba and the Soviet Union, as though Nicaragua had no cause to look for external support. He proposes that "progressives in this country need to develop a more nuanced analysis of the United States' role as a superpower." What is this nuanced analysis? Massing explains that the left should recognize that, "however unjustly, the United States regards the Caribbean Basin as its backyard and stands ready to enforce that claim. Accordingly, revolutionary governments would renounce any military relationship with the Soviet bloc and pledge not to assist revolutionary forces in the region. In return, they would receive a pledge of nonintervention."

Those sentences must surely be among the most shameful and silly ever to appear in *The Nation*. Read them again. Massing is saying that the Caribbean Basin and Central American region must remain a charnel house underpinned by the United States because such are the facts of geopolitical life. Additionally, he recommends that such revolutions as may occur forswear the means to defend themselves and rely only on a pledge of nonintervention from the United States. Can he be serious? It's hard to tell, since Massing appears to think that a revolution is an event which, if properly conducted, leaves property relations intact and the world's leading capitalist power undisturbed, rather like recent mayoral elections in Bur-

ALEXANDER COCKBURN

lington, Vermont. Massing should remember that even in Vermont, *The Burlington Free Press*—the *La Prensa* of Chittenden County—once editorialized that Bernie Sanders should be got rid of “by whatever means necessary.” Small wonder that he regards many of the Sandinistas’ actions as ill advised and finds their U.S. supporters dogmatic. In these urgent hours for the Nicaraguan revolution, the loudest noise to be heard in *The Nation*’s pages is of liberals running for cover, shouting over their shoulders that the Sandinistas brought it on themselves.

The History of Disinformation, Part CCXXIV

It makes it incumbent on them [the Grenadians] to exercise great care and flexibility so as not to provoke the imperialist forces to smash the progressive forces. Of course there is no force in the world that can crush the class struggle. But you have to be flexible so imperialism is not agitated to attack you.

Those words come from a Grenadian memorandum of remarks Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko made in Moscow to a delegation led by Prime Minister Maurice Bishop on April 15, 1983. The memorandum was among documents seized during the U.S. invasion of Grenada and later released by the State Department.

In an April 15, 1983, meeting with Grenadian Prime Minister Maurice Bishop, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko . . . warned the Grenadians to move carefully in their revolutionary expansionism so as to not signal their plans to the “imperialists.”

Those words come from an introduction by Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger to a draft white paper circulated in Washington in February 1984.

U.S. SAYS RUSSIANS TRY TO MAKE SATELLITE OF CENTRAL AMERICA

Washington, Feb. 9—A new Administration white paper says the Soviet Union, using Cuba, is trying to turn all of Central America into a satellite of the Eastern bloc.

An introduction by Defense Secretary Caspar W. Weinberger, citing papers seized in Grenada, quotes Foreign Minister Andrei A. Gromyko as saying that the region is . . . ripe for “revolutionary expansionism.”

Those words come from the lead of Joel Brinkley’s front-page story in *The New York Times* for February 10, 1985. The words “revolutionary expansionism” occur nowhere in the original memorandum.

Great Disasters in Prose

While I am prone to suspect that TV news producers relish ‘news events’ such as the Academy Awards precisely because their appeal to dimwits in the audience far surpasses the appeal of the Geneva arms talks, say, I do not think it unseemly for those news producers to display the same eagerness to serve the dimwits that they are exhorted to muster in service of the intelligentsia.

This was George V. Higgins discussing the *CBS Morning News* in the April 1 *Wall Street Journal*. Some people write badly some of the time. Higgins writes badly all of the time.

It Only Takes a Phone Call

Last Friday night, my two assistants and I were relaxing in my Washington condominium. . . . the phone suddenly rang. “Miss Geyer?” the efficient woman’s voice asked. “Hold on, please, for Mrs. Reagan.” . . . “Georgie Anne,” the charming voice on the phone said, “this is Nancy Reagan. . . . I just saw your column on drugs . . . and I think it is one of the best I have ever seen.” . . .

She was speaking in a thoughtful and intelligent (but also very determined) voice about the awfulness of the U.S. drug problem. It was clear she was deeply and emotionally involved in the struggle. . . . Finally, she thanked me again, I certainly thanked her again, and we wished each other well before signing off—she at the White House, I at my condominium only a mile away. . . .

Later, getting ready for bed, I thought about several things. I thought about how a first lady can use her sensitivity and her power, as Mrs. Reagan did, to encourage someone who often thinks she is alone, a voice crying out in the wilderness. . . . I thought, too, about what an incredible country this is—and how unusual in the world—where the president and his wife can and do reach out to people to back up, on behalf of the nation, causes and struggles they believe in. I thought, too, how much more open this administration is than most people give it credit for.

This was syndicated columnist Georgie Anne Geyer telling the world in mid-March about the kind of people who call her up on the phone. It goes to show that it is absolutely impossible to overestimate the vanity of a journalist.

Journalists love to be called up. It proves to them they exist. Not long ago I was called up by a man named Stephen Schiff, who described himself as “intellectual in residence” at *Vanity Fair*, which is a bit like someone describing himself as “Christian in residence” at the court of the Emperor Nero. He said he was doing an in-depth profile of Martin Peretz, designed to be on the newsstands before another article on Peretz appears in *Esquire*.

“I suppose you’re going to do an ass-kissing profile,” I said. “What’s the point of giving you a quote?”

“Not at all,” said Schiff smoothly. He asserted that his article would be balanced and far from fulsome. I spoke to him about Peretz for hours, entering into the minutiae of U.S.-Israeli relations and the maneuvers of the Israeli lobby. I spoke of the *trahison des clercs*. We spent a straight twenty minutes on the significance of the Jackson-Vanik amendment. Later, Schiff called up Christopher Hitchens, who gave him another ninety minutes on the political genealogy of social democracy.

When it finally appeared, Schiff’s article was a piece of abandoned ass-kissing, high in the P.R. pantheon of undiluted sycophancy. Why do they bother calling up? Why did I bother talking to him? Worse still, Schiff quoted me only once. In the same issue of *Vanity Fair*, my niece Chloe, age 6, was quoted twice—not about Peretz, a man with whose work she is as yet mercifully unfamiliar, but on the topic of Jeremy’s Place, an Upper East Side hangout of the younger set. I cry uncle.

ARTICLES.

■ RESPONSES TO MICHAEL MASSING

The U.S. Left And Nicaragua

In the April 6 Nation we published an article by Michael Massing challenging the U.S. left to discuss the "important questions about the nature of contemporary revolution" raised by the "Nicaraguan experience." Nation contributors and Nicaragua watchers were invited to comment and their remarks appear below. Readers were also urged to add their voices to what we hope will be an ongoing dialogue. Those letters will be published in upcoming issues as space permits, with Massing being given the author's traditional right of reply.

—The Editors

RICHARD BARNET

Michael Massing has the ability to hold seemingly contradictory ideas in his head, a talent that is essential for making sense of today's world. Intellectual honesty requires that opponents of U.S. intervention not slip into the role of apologists for revolutionary regimes merely because the revolutions are American targets. By the same token, the U.S. war on Nicaragua does not become acceptable because of the junta's mistreatment of Miskito Indians, censorship or coercive labor policies. Progressives in this country should not worry about "selling out" somebody else's revolution. They shouldn't buy it in the first place.

To defend the right of the Nicaraguan people to conduct their experiment in the face of the immoral, illegal and politically counterproductive campaign to destroy it is, in my view, an obligation of U.S. citizenship. This is especially so since a majority of the American people oppose the Reagan Administration's campaign to overthrow the Nicaraguan government. The U.S. counterrevolutionary war is designed to polarize Nicaraguan society further, to push the government to greater repression and thus to delegitimize the revolution. It is a strategy that invites the Nicaraguans to participate in their own destruction. They have resisted the temptation to a remarkable degree; I wish they had resisted more.

The problems revolutionary governments face, even in countries less impoverished and geopolitically hemmed in than Nicaragua, always result from an interaction of the hostile pressure that is invariably mounted against them and their own inexperience, dogma, wrongheadedness and fear. Of course such regimes should not be immune from criticism. The article correctly points out that there is criticism and debate inside Nicaragua. We who sympathize with regimes that seek to feed, educate, house and care for the majority, including the poorest, must hold them to at least the same standard of human rights that we apply to "authori-

tarian" regimes blessed by the Reagan Administration. Good intentions do not justify repression.

At the same time, we should recognize that we can exert the greatest positive influence on human rights in Nicaragua by struggling against the efforts of the Administration to polarize and split that country. Massing is absolutely correct in saying that economic rights and political rights must exist together; neither set of rights by itself is sufficient to insure an acceptable condition of human freedom and dignity. But the state of affairs in Nicaragua is enormously difficult for outsiders to judge. Freedom in Nicaragua is, unfortunately, not a goal of this Administration. Otherwise, it would not seek to exploit the freedoms that exist there to overthrow the elected government.

The lesson of intervention in Chile in the early 1970s is that a government targeted by the United States for overthrow takes enormous risks if it permits freedom of the press and other liberties—for Washington will use those as weapons against it. But restricting freedom may involve greater risks for fragile revolutions. How much freedom to allow in a war for survival is not a simple question. We didn't answer that question very well in World War II, as Japanese-Americans sent to detention camps can attest. What Americans owe Nicaragua is neither endorsement of the revolution nor advice on how to run that embattled country but redoubled efforts to break the hammerlock on it. Then at least there might be a chance for democracy to develop in that land to which the United States has exported so much misery in the past one hundred years.

Richard Barnett is a senior fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies. His most recent book is The Alliance: America, Europe, Japan—Makers of the Postwar World (Simon & Schuster).

PETER DAVIS

How strange that Nicaragua is becoming a compass for the True Left. That is sad, since the revolution could use fresh critical ideas as well as a relaxation of the U.S. choke hold on its economic life. But it does provide a focal point for the most pressing question facing those millions of us in the United States who feel unrepresented in Washington. Namely, where is the U.S. left headed? Nicaragua, though nobody's business but the Nicaraguans', gives us a chance to debate the progressive course. Michael Massing fires a tentative salvo in that debate and should be thanked.

First, we might recognize that every revolution in this hemisphere must, to some degree, be a revolution against the United States. At its best the United States squats over Latin America like a mother hen over her eggs; at its worst it strangles and devours the region like a hungry boa. U.S. power is the only fact of life that all Latin Americans have in common.

Second, let's not merely argue about Nicaragua, let's go there. This is a way to defeat the Reagan Administration,

which wants us to see the Sandinistas as baby Stalins and the rest of the Nicaraguan population as slaves. The Sandinistas' smartest move recently was to invite members of the U.S. Congress to take a look for themselves. What they can see is a society in painful transition, a country struggling to survive, a non-*contra* opposition measurably more vocal and articulate than our own Democrats. If enough of us make the trip, we will not only help the Nicaraguans and find out what a Third World socialist movement is able to accomplish while it is under the gun, we will also make it a lot harder for that gun to go off.

Third, Massing's propositions deserve to be debated in detail. He is looking at the Nicaraguan revolution and wondering where it is going and what the U.S. left's relationship to it ought to be. He charts the divisions among the Sandinistas the way they themselves do. We underwrite their hard-liners with our policies, as they underwrite ours with their censorship, forced relocation, more than occasional human rights abuses, and inability to reconcile tradition in the form of the conservative church with innovation in the form of their own policies.

But what the revolution lacks is often what it cannot afford. The first and most lasting impression for a North American in Nicaragua is of poverty. The second is of hope. After that, one can begin to analyze and judge, but poverty and hope remain what the Sandinistas have primarily to work with. I won't give an inch on freedom of expression, myself; Sandinista censorship that does not relate directly to the war makes me sick, but such queasiness is irrelevant to people who live in a country that is both grindingly poor and menaced on northern and southern borders, east and west coasts, by the boa constrictor at its hungriest.

What Nicaragua lacks most in its political life is a tradition of comity, a sense of civility between those who disagree, an opportunity for those out of power to gain it by being voted in rather than by shooting their way in. Given the turbulence of Nicaraguan history, what is amazing about the Sandinistas is how little their own divisions have surfaced so far and how much tolerance they have shown

for their opposition. Take the recent election. With all its problems the campaign in Nicaragua last fall featured a far wider diversity of candidates and positions than ours did.

Alexander Cockburn wrote recently in these pages [see "Beat the Devil," March 9] that after Ronald Reagan's demand for the Sandinistas to surrender their revolution, "the left should say straight out that the United States has declared war on Nicaragua and that all pledges of resistance are operational." But resistance to Reagan-Shultz-Weinberger does not mean genuflection in the direction of Managua. And that is what Massing is saying. He does not want the left to desert Nicaragua, but he does want it to examine the human goals and costs of Sandinismo.

We should not shy from improvising on Massing's own questions. Why do so many revolutionaries who proclaim themselves socialists discover on coming to power that disagreement is treason? Is this the nature of socialism? If not, is it the nature of revolutionary regimes, and counter-revolutionary regimes as well, in poor, pretechnological societies where capitalism has equaled piracy? Is it the ultimate essence of Marxism to be antidemocratic, or is it the form Marxism had to take when Lenin brought it to his own antidemocratic, and defeated, country? What form could Marxism take in a developed democracy, or is it simply not relevant? What do the new technologies do to traditional socialist impulses to protect labor and preserve jobs?

In Vietnam the United States said it was fighting for freedom; the other side said it fought for liberation. Liberation won, and we should not disregard the truth that it was and is real liberation from the colonialism the Vietnamese had known for the previous century. But Vietnam became totalitarian at home, imperialist abroad. When the United States wins, on the other hand, as in Chile or Guatemala or (so far) the Philippines, freedom means that something like 5 percent of the people control something like 80 percent of the resources. The 5 percent are almost as free as anyone in the U.S. middle class. Everyone else exists in an arrangement close to feudalism. Are people trapped in one of these societies better off "liberated" or "free"?



DRAWINGS BY J-C SUARÉS

What we should be debating is how to combine the social advantages of capital redistribution and technology with the political advantages of democratic pluralism. In the Third World, capitalism's reputation is irredeemable, but what has programmatic socialism accomplished? Governments composed of self-proclaimed Marxists have suppressed dissent, jailed poets, accused their critics of being C.I.A. collaborators and—most tellingly from their own point of view—failed to solve basic economic problems. They have also installed what all revolutionaries claim to abhor, an elite class.

Lacking an ideological answer, deeply uncomfortable with dogma, I suggest a prescription for the left at home that holds for any group out of power: Keep the regime in your sights at all times, make it as accountable as possible by scrutinizing it twenty-four hours a day, point out its every lie and fault. Trust leaders who wear uniforms even less than you do those in blue suits. When you look at Nicaragua, see not only a feisty band of patriots fighting courageously for their independence from the American imperium but also a group of leaders as susceptible as any other to the fatal contagion of power. Did the doctrinaire left do history a favor by labeling Stalin's critics fascists? Above all, remember William Blake's advice that peaceful opposition—in Washington, Managua, Moscow, Prague or Santiago—is the only true friendship.

Peter Davis is writing a book about Nicaragua, to be published by Simon & Schuster.

RICHARD FALK

Michael Massing has provided an intelligent, provocative and certainly appropriate, if not altogether persuasive, interpretation of the U.S. encounter with the evolving Sandinista revolution. But what is appropriate for *The Nation* may not be appropriate for *The New York Times*. There is a problem here of what lawyers call choice of forum. At a time when mainstream liberals and conservatives are debating the kind of intervention required (economic versus military; see the Kissinger commission's report on Central America for a predictable composite), it seems imprudent for a progressive interpreter of Central America to dwell on the deficiencies of the Nicaraguan revolution, as NACLA's George Black did in a *Times* Op-Ed piece last November.

Surely it would be odd behavior for someone to write in an influential Sri Lankan newspaper about the failings of the Tamil culture at a time when Tamils are threatened with a massacre. Or for a dedicated German socialist in the 1930s to write in a respected mainstream Berlin newspaper about the duplicitous role of Jewish banking houses. My reaction, then, to Massing's view of the Black episode is that there is more to truth than the message. A careful assessment of political context is also required. And there is a moral side to disclosure. If certain disclosures contribute to a climate for intervention, which could take a horrifying toll of Nicaraguan lives, then the primary obligation for U.S. citizens is to oppose intervention unconditionally.

Those observations are especially pertinent to the Nicaraguan revolution. Never has the liberal press been so insistent on scrutinizing the democratic record of a Third World government while taking so little account of extenuating circumstances (fully alluded to by Massing, less fully by Black). Black was hardly bringing news, but he was confirming from the left the principal allegation of the pro-interventionists (center and right) that the Sandinista government had betrayed the revolution and was losing its political legitimacy. Under such circumstances, without a pretty impressive argument to the contrary, Black exhibited poor moral and political judgment in using scarce access to *The New York Times* to deliver such a problematic message.

My problems with Massing's viewpoint extend to matters of substance. Toward the end of his article he manifests a view of the internal reality in Nicaragua that I would categorize as more liberal than progressive. Although he touches all the right bases about the problems facing the Managua leadership, he stresses shortcomings rather than achievements (health, education, subsistence) and fails to acknowledge the distinctive blend of Marxist and Catholic outlook in the orientation of both revolutionary factions in the Sandinista leadership.

Particularly flawed is Massing's discussion of spheres of influence in relation to Nicaragua's pursuit of security. It could well be argued that Managua has been flexible and imaginative in its attempt to reassure the United States that it is not a threat in the region. After all, it is Nicaragua, not the United States, that has been pursuing peaceful avenues of resolution, including the Contadora route, which above all embodies the wish of countries in the region to minimize superpower influence. The Sandinistas have already accepted the reasonable part of Massing's geopolitical analysis. To call on them to sever their ties to Cuba and the Soviet Union at this stage, in view of the scale and belligerence of the Reagan Administration's effort to overthrow them, is, however unwittingly, to counsel self-destruction along the lines of Allende's fate. I believe the Sandinistas sincerely seek to make the region safe for nonalignment, but they recognize that to embrace nonalignment at this point would be to risk becoming a second Grenada. The time will be right for nonalignment only when the U.S. government practices a diplomacy of genuine nonintervention.

I find Massing's final appeal to American mainstream public opinion puzzling in the extreme. He notes correctly that cutting off aid to the *contras* would be the best way to promote democratization, but does he really suppose that democratization is the goal of American policy-makers? The major reason to avoid lending credibility to the Administration's charges that the Sandinistas are antidemocratic is that the issue is being cynically used in Washington as a pretext for intervention. Otherwise, why has no comparable concern been shown for the far worse abuses of democratic rights elsewhere in Central America, particularly in Guatemala, Honduras and El Salvador?

Of course, critical thinking on the left cannot stop at the moment of revolutionary victory, whether in Managua or elsewhere. On this, I agree fully with Massing's plea. I am

not endorsing a view of politics that turns intellectuals into propagandists for *any* cause. It should be obvious by now that a revolution, however liberating its initial impact, needs all the help it can get to avoid reproducing the violence and repression of its predecessors. The left must never surrender its autonomy to any state, whatever its ideological character. At the same time, in moments of deep struggle it is important for intellectuals to realize what is at stake, including the recognition that certain arguments are weapons in the hands of destructive forces. It is this double awareness that I find lacking in Massing, as well as in Black.

Richard Falk teaches at Princeton University. He is the author of The Question of Intervention, forthcoming from Holmes and Meier.

WILLIAM LEOGRANDE

If Michael Massing were simply arguing that progressives in the United States must avoid deluding and discrediting themselves by presenting a vision of Nicaragua that is blind to the revolution's complexities and shortcomings, it would be hard to take issue with him. But he is doing more than that. Not only does he ask for a realistic appraisal of contemporary Nicaragua (which intellectual honesty demands); he also calls for political realism (actually, pragmatism) to guide the left's participation in the debate over U.S. policy toward Nicaragua. Massing writes as if those two realisms were equivalent. They are not.

In the name of political realism, he suggests that progressives advocate the "Finlandization" of Nicaragua (and of any other revolutionary government in the Caribbean), in the hope that this might halt U.S. efforts to destroy the revolution. Although Massing admits that spheres of influence are "distasteful," he insists progressives must be realistic and accept the fact that the United States regards the region as its backyard and is willing to use force to maintain its predominance there.

Undeniably, the United States treats Central America and the Caribbean like colonial preserves and has for decades. But recognizing that does not require us to accept the policy as immutable or to abandon the struggle to change it. Still less does it mean that progressives should embrace Ronald Reagan's refurbished Monroe Doctrine in the name of realism. It is not naïve or unrealistic to refuse to accept a doctrine of limited sovereignty for Latin Americans. On the contrary, however quixotic such a refusal may appear at the moment, it is a matter of principle that is fundamental to any progressive policy deserving of the name.

With Reagan in the White House, the domestic political atmosphere is hardly conducive to a debate that questions the basic premises of U.S. foreign policy in the Third World. Anyone who speaks the simplest facts about Nicaragua risks being labeled naïve or worse. But for progressives to remain true to their political heritage—a long and venerable history of principled opposition to U.S. interventionism in Latin America, stretching back to the young Abe Lincoln's opposition to the Mexican-American

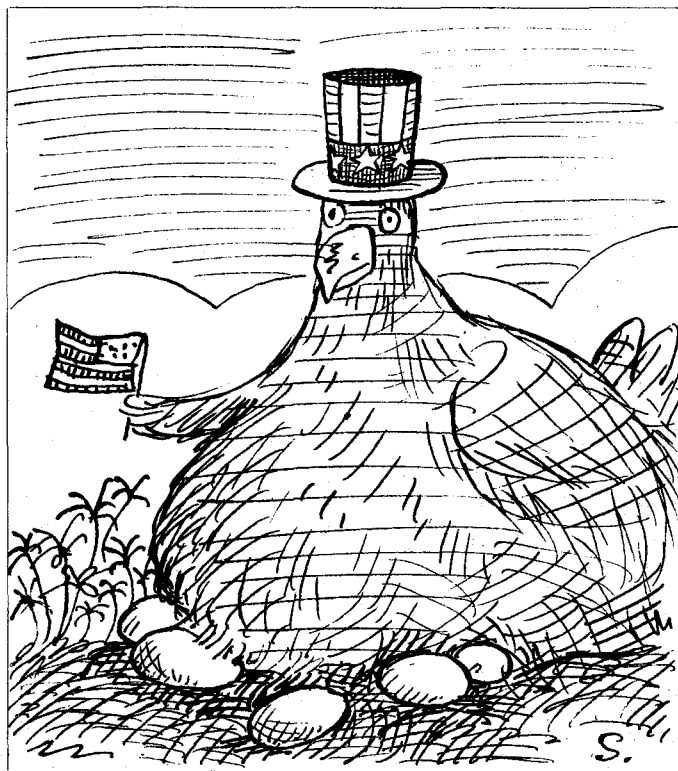
War—they must not be seduced into accepting, for respectability's sake, an amoral *Realpolitik* masquerading as realism. If progressives abandon their defense of the principles of self-determination, respect for national sovereignty and the equality of nations, they may gain greater access to the foreign policy debate, but they will have nothing to contribute to it.

William LeoGrande is an associate professor of political science at American University.

ALLAN NAIRN

Michael Massing's article raises two questions for debate: a procedural one (How should the left talk about Nicaragua?) and a substantive one (What should be the left's attitude toward the revolution and the U.S. campaign to destroy it?). The answer to the first should be obvious: honestly and bluntly, the good and the bad placed on the table for all to see. This should not even be an issue. If a cause is just, it need not fear the truth. There is no reason for people who believe in social justice to feel obliged to paper over unjust acts if they are committed by a leftist regime. It's wrong and it destroys credibility. And, in the case of Nicaragua, a frank assessment of good and ill is the most compelling possible defense.

The Administration has propagated the big lie. The best rebuttal is the whole truth. Take the abuses by the Sandinistas and weigh them against their great accomplishments and grisly alternatives. The charges that twenty to forty Nicaraguan civilians were killed or have disappeared, that the government has mistreated the Miskito Indians, that the revolution has antidemocratic aspects, that a foolish censor-



ship is practiced—all those are true. But so is the reality of a nation liberated from Somoza and a government that has turned to the poor majority for participation and support and is trying to feed, house and educate its people. Human rights have improved dramatically. The contrast with El Salvador and Guatemala—and the conduct of the *contras*—is nothing less than devastating.

President Reagan is bent on crushing the revolution, and no concessions by the Sandinistas are likely to change his mind. All that restrains him is public opposition, an opposition best served by reporting and analysis that tells the whole story and wins the readers' trust.

Allan Nairn is a journalist who writes frequently about Central America.

HOLLY SKLAR

Michael Massing is not the first to propose the "Finlandization" of Central America. Writing in the Fall 1983 issue of *Foreign Policy*, Thomas Farer, former president of the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights, puts forward the "Finland Option" as the "lesser evil" which can respond "directly and inexpensively to the security concerns rightly or wrongly accepted by Reagan and his Democratic critics alike . . . [and] lacks the moral stain incurred by galloping after security on the backs of indigenous monsters." The difference is that Farer is a New-Deal-for-the-Third-World liberal, appealing to liberals and conservatives to find common ground in *Realpolitik*. Massing, on the other hand, is making a case for the left, and as such it is a two-pronged call for surrender: The left should surrender to the "distasteful" reality of spheres of influence and the Sandinistas should surrender their revolution.

Massing, of course, doesn't see it as surrender. He sees it as maturity. His mistaken assumption is that moderation is

an insurance policy against destabilization. In this short space, I can't address Massing's idea that the Sandinistas helped usher in destabilization by biting the Carter hand that was feeding them. But what about the idea that "Since 1981, Nicaragua's military ties to Moscow and Havana have provided plenty of ammunition to Administration hardliners eager to portray the revolution as a Soviet-inspired threat." In fact, the truth has been reported repeatedly in the left and mainstream press. As *New York Times* reporter Joel Brinkley recently pointed out, "Defense Department records show that the first shipment of heavy Soviet-made arms to Nicaragua came months after the first reports of rebel attacks." This was also months after the Reagan Administration froze economic aid. Thanks to Administration pressure on the French and other Western governments to honor an arms blockade, Nicaragua's only dependable supply of ammunition has been the Soviet bloc. If Massing were a Sandinista adviser, the *contras* would have been in Managua by now, with or without the help of U.S. troops.

Contrary to Massing's statement, Nicaragua made serious attempts to negotiate (as opposed to surrender) well before this "past year"—and before mounting *contra* pressure. In February 1981, when the United States released its famous white paper on the Nicaragua-El Salvador arms traffic, Nicaragua called for joint Nicaraguan-Honduran border patrols. The U.S. response was to hold joint military maneuvers with Honduras. In October 1981, Nicaragua endorsed the French-Mexican proposal for a negotiated settlement of the civil war in El Salvador. In November, the Administration gave the covert war the green light, and in December Nicaragua was given Operation Red Christmas. In an article in the Fall 1984 issue of *Foreign Policy*, aptly titled "America's Diplomatic Charade," reporter Roy Gutman wrote: "Although the Sandinistas bear some of the blame for the failure of diplomacy, throughout the on-again, off-again talks U.S. officials operated in a manner that guaranteed their failure." No Nicaraguan behavior, short of surrender, would have voided that guarantee.

Massing's article gets worse with its smear of "some on the left"—how significant a some?—who are said to accept the formulation "that in revolutionary societies, freedom and equality do not mix." The middle class, on the other hand, is portrayed as the true champion of freedom: "The existence of a thriving middle class presupposes vigorous demands for a free press, multiparty elections and other features of Western-style democracy." Tell that to the survivors of the Allende government. Most of the 50,000 Nicaraguans who died fighting for their freedom were peasants. While the Nicaraguan government has tried not to lose "the entrepreneurial talents of the middle class," it is also trying to nurture the entrepreneurial and other talents of the *campesinos* and women (middle class, workers, peasants).

The true measure of the left's "intellectual vitality" and "credibility" is how well it can project a coherent vision and alternative policy rooted not in *Realpolitik* but in self-determination and nonintervention. To endorse the premises of the rest of the foreign policy spectrum in the

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name of political realism is to mire the left in quicksand and make the right's job that much easier.

Holly Sklar writes on foreign and domestic policy and has been to Nicaragua three times since the revolution.

RONALD STEEL

The U.S. left should have learned something from the Vietnam War. Opposition to our intervention in that country's civil war led many to romanticize the Communist side of the struggle. Some intellectuals made trips to Hanoi and returned with rapturous reports that seemed fatuous at the time and are embarrassing in retrospect. The rulers in Hanoi had their own agenda, which coincided with that of the U.S. peace movement only in that both wanted the Americans out.

The peace movement was right to criticize the war, right to demand an end to U.S. intervention, right to insist that the Vietnamese be left to resolve their own quarrels. The left was wrong, however, to let its disgust for the war warp its sense of reality, wrong to imagine that the Vietcong were just agrarian reformers, wrong to believe that Hanoi would allow democratic freedoms to flourish in the South, wrong to imagine that Vietnam would be better off if only the United States withdrew and the Saigon regime collapsed. What was better was that Americans stopped killing Vietnamese and being killed by them.

The left, for the most part, romanticized the Vietcong because it sentimentalizes revolution. What it did in Vietnam it is doing again today in Nicaragua. The Sandinista regime is far from exemplary and has at best a mixed record on civil liberties. Why should it be considered dishonorable for those who cherish such liberties in the United States to say so openly? Why is it somehow "disloyal" of George Black and Michael Massing to raise such questions?

Presumably because it might give aid and comfort to the Reagan Administration's efforts to throw the Sandinistas out of power. That is not a good enough reason. U.S. aggression against Nicaragua is wrong not because the Sandinista regime is revolutionary or even because it may be good. Aggression would be wrong even if the Sandinistas were as bad as the Reaganites claim. It is wrong because the Sandinistas pose no threat to the United States. On these grounds they should be allowed to develop their society in any form that the people of their country will tolerate.

The argument over how democratic or virtuous the Sandinistas may be is pointless and self-defeating. It implies that were they not virtuous the United States would be justified in trying to overthrow them. The flip side of that is to justify intervention in support of good guys. That is what Kennedy and Johnson insisted they were doing in Vietnam, and Carter and Reagan in El Salvador.

The most effective argument against aid to the *contras* is that the United States has no business trying to overthrow the government of another country unless it represents an unambiguous threat to our security. That is an argument the

American people can understand, and they have resisted Reagan's appeal for an anti-Sandinista jihad. It is not necessary to close one's eyes to the flaws of the Sandinistas. The left does its values no service by suspending judgment toward regimes that call themselves revolutionary. All it has to remember is that imperfect regimes—in fact, even nasty ones—should be left alone unless they do us harm. The trouble with the left is that it, too, favors intervention. Its list of good guys is just different from that of the Reaganites. What both find hard to accept is that the United States should not intervene either to prop up or overthrow a government. Scratch an American, on the left or right, and you get an interventionist.

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WILLIAM APPLEMAN WILLIAMS

Michael Massing is wholly correct to argue that unfettered debate is essential to the vitality and influence of the left in the United States, but he misses the point about what issues to debate.

He is on the mark when he says that Nicaragua cannot be allowed to become a Soviet offensive military base. He is cool, tough and candid about that part of the problem. I am sure that responsible leaders in the Soviet Union have no intention of violating the understanding reached during the Cuban missile crisis. Some Kissinger in the Kremlin may argue that such a play would be a neat answer to President Reagan's Star Wars fantasy, but his proposal would be dismissed as inane.

On the central matter, however, Massing reveals the left's inability to break free of the classic U.S. myth of judging and saving the world. Lefties want to save the world in the image of the United States just as desperately as do the neoliberals, the neoconservatives and the cowboys in the sky. Many years ago I incurred the anger of friends on the left when I quoted with approval this remark by John Quincy Adams: "America goes not abroad in search of monsters to destroy. . . . She might become dictatress of the world. She would be no longer the ruler of her own spirit."

It simply cuts across the grain of the left as well as of the right to be told that we cannot save the world in our own image. You could put it this way: We Americans want to control time. We want to quick-freeze the world in a way that mirrors us. But it simply cannot be done.

We *can* help people. But we can be most helpful by giving them a chance to make their own mistakes, and then allowing them to try to correct them. Yes, there will be some violence. But then there was more than a bit of violence in our hike across the mountains to what we consider the perfect society. There is still a good bit of violence today in that perfect society.

William Appleman Williams is a history professor at Oregon State University.

Reply

MICHAEL MASSING

I find little to dispute in the above comments (save for Holly Sklar's screechy references to "smear" and "surrender"). I agree totally that Sandinista shortcomings should be measured against the revolution's accomplishments in health, education and other social areas. I also agree—as I think my article makes clear—that the Reagan Administration could hardly care less about bringing democracy to Nicaragua and that its policies are effectively sabotaging any chance freedom has to take root there. I further concur that the left's principal task is to do everything it can to counter the White House campaign to overthrow the Sandinista government.

I would, however, like to clear up some misunderstandings, occasioned largely by my own sketchiness. In describing how the existence of a private sector produces demands for Western-style freedoms, I did not mean to imply that the middle class thereby becomes the repository of all virtue. Some Nicaraguan businessmen sincerely believe in pluralism and civil liberties; others are cynically using such issues as weapons in their own bid for power. The same can be said for the Catholic Church, *La Prensa* and nongovernment trade unions. Just as the Sandinistas are split, so too the opposition is divided into moderate and hard-line factions.

There has been even more confusion over my discussion of spheres of influence. William LeoGrande is absolutely correct in arguing that the left's major role in national policy debates should be to oppose U.S. interventionism and to support the right of self-determination. I do not think progressives should accept the notion of spheres of influence; on the contrary, I think the left must expose their baleful effect and work to weaken their hold. But while denouncing spheres of influence, progressives need to take them into account. The left must not only criticize U.S. interventionism; it must also examine ways to avert it.

Consider Grenada. The left was virtually alone in opposing the U.S. invasion and as such played an essential role in the terribly brief debate afterward. Nevertheless, more attention needs to be paid to the history of the Grenadian revolution in order to evaluate whether the invasion could have been avoided. Very early on, the New Jewel Movement invited Cuban security advisers, stockpiled arms, engaged in virulent anti-U.S. rhetoric and voted consistently with the Soviet Union at the United Nations. None of these actions presented even a remote threat to the United States.

Moreover, Washington helped provoke Grenada's hostility with its own heavy-handed diplomacy. As a sovereign nation, Grenada had a right to choose its allies and to take measures to defend itself, but its stridently defiant stance toward the United States plus its close relationship with Cuba greatly strained relations with Washington. Maurice Bishop eventually recognized the dangers his policy posed; witness his efforts to patch up ties with the Reagan Administration. By that point, however, the Republicans were

intent on ridding themselves of this Caribbean nuisance. The invasion was entirely unjustified. But could it have been avoided?

With regard to Nicaragua, the evolution of Sandinista foreign policy might seem a moot point given the White House's uncompromising, obsessive policies. Still, when one considers ways to make the hemisphere safer for revolution, Nicaragua presents a challenging case. In discussing revolutionary governments, the U.S. left regards national sovereignty as a cardinal principle, and rightly so, but the exercise of that sovereignty can have serious consequences, which cannot be simply wished away. By the end of 1979—before the first *contra* attacks and before the decision by West European governments to halt arms supplies—the Sandinistas had sent home a contingent of Panamanian police advisers and had replaced them with Cuban military personnel. At an early stage, these Cuban advisers were instrumental in, among other things, helping set up an intelligence agency. It can be argued that such an organization was necessary to the Sandinistas from a security standpoint and, further, that Nicaragua has the right to seek advisers from any country it likes. Needless to add, none of this threatened U.S. security. But the arrival of the Cuban personnel greatly worried neighbors like Panama and Costa Rica, created anxiety among certain domestic groups and cast doubts on Nicaragua's nonaligned status.

Similar concerns arose over the Sandinistas' decision to aid the Salvadoran rebels. Without delving into the merits of that decision, I think it is undeniable that Nicaragua's support for the guerrillas exacted a high price, creating suspicions about Sandinista intentions not only in Washington but in other capitals in the region. Saying that does not by any means justify the Reagan Administration's shrill campaign against Communist "aggression" based on its El Salvador white paper, but it does raise questions about whether Nicaragua should have aided guerrillas in another country when its own revolution had not been consolidated.

As for "Finlandization," I think people have reacted more to the term—an unfortunate choice, given its overtones of capitulation—than to the concept itself. Perhaps "Panamazation" more aptly captures the notion I intended of a populist government able to create a space for itself by remaining independent of the superpowers. Omar Torrijos shrewdly recognized that he would run afoul of the United States if he moved too close to Cuba or the Soviet Union; by keeping his distance from geopolitics, he maintained a good deal of independence and won an extraordinarily advantageous canal treaty in the process. Would it be a bad deal for Nicaragua if Washington agreed to drop its aid to the *contras*, halt its maneuvers in Honduras and otherwise stop harassing the country, in return for a cutback in Nicaragua's military ties to the Soviet bloc and a halt in aid to El Salvador's guerrillas? If properly verified, such a deal would ward off U.S. intervention in Nicaragua; as I noted in my article, Nicaragua proposed those terms in bilateral talks at Manzanillo, Mexico. Interestingly, some neoliberals do not accept such a trade-off because it would leave the Sandinistas free to go about their business unmolested.

None of the above is meant to minimize the Reagan Administration's responsibility for the current state of relations between the two countries. No rational observer could possibly deny that the blame lies overwhelmingly with Washington. U.S. support for the *contras* will surely haunt our relations with Latin America for many years to come. Despite those statements, my reply here will undoubtedly draw further accusations that I am coddling imperialism and counseling appeasement. Still, I believe that these questions need to be discussed lest the terms "nonalignment" and "national sovereignty" become buzzwords. □

Michael Massing is a writer who lives in New York City.

■ INTO PINOCHET'S CHILE—II

In Search of the Internal Exiles

Last week, Ariel Dorfman described conditions in Chile under the state of siege and his decision to return to his homeland with his wife and son to visit two friends who are relegados (internal exiles) living in the southern part of the country.

ARIEL DORFMAN

The continental shelf of Latin America, on its Pacific side, ends at the Chilean town of Puerto Montt, and so do the railroad tracks. But before you reach the thousand miles of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, with its scattered archipelagoes and abrupt glaciers, you come to the more benign island of Chiloé, where fjords and foggy weather are tempered by rolling hills filled with forests and skies alight with multiple rainbows. Its 120,000 inhabitants spend their days tending livestock and fishing, and their nights swapping tales about trolls, phantom pirate ships and witches.

Although in my adolescence I had spent several days exploring the island, I had no close friends there. A writer I knew from there named Renato Cárdenas had himself been exiled to the north in the latest crackdown, along with a dozen other members of the illegal teachers' union. Because I could not foresee what obstacles we would have to overcome to see Lucho Alvarado, I had arranged a meeting with Pancho Valiente, director of the Catholic Church's radio station on the island and right-hand man of the island's Bishop, a staunch defender of human rights. (I was wise to be cautious: two weeks later, the famous novelist José Donoso was arrested in Chiloé for attending a benefit for the *relegados*.) I told Valiente that our train was arriving in Puerto Montt at 2 in the afternoon on January 17 and

that we would meet him four hours later. That would give us time to visit Fanny Pollarolo in Maullín, some forty-five miles from Puerto Montt, give her some mail and tell her that we would stop in on our way back, when there would be more time. Then we would go on to nearby Parga, the departing point for the Chiloé ferry.

If only the plan had worked. At exactly 3:30, when we should have been driving into Maullín, Fanny was told by a police major that she was being relocated and had an hour to pack her bags. She didn't need to be told the reasons for the move. She had made a glorious nuisance of herself, setting up a makeshift psychiatric clinic in Maullín to care for people in the area. The government may have been bothered less by what she was doing than by several foreign newspaper accounts about her, including one in *The Wall Street Journal*.

If we hadn't been delayed, I might have witnessed the whole sordid affair. At that very moment, however, we were being stymied, not by Pinochet but by the ravages of underdevelopment. The car we had rented stalled after I had driven only a few blocks. The people at the rental agency assured me that everything would be solved *immediately*, sir. One hour later, I drove off in the same car, now supposedly in tiptop shape. There was still time to make it to Maullín, where (as I learned afterward) people were by then gathering outside the police station, muttering in low voices while Fanny packed her things, and a group of adolescents were discussing whether they should lie in front of the police van to protest the kidnapping of their friend. A few minutes after we started out, the car broke down again; smoke poured from the engine. By the time I had cajoled the rental agency to give me another vehicle, forty-five minutes more had passed, and it was clear that we could no longer make it to Maullín.

I sped toward the Chiloé ferry, hoping that at least we would not miss Pancho Valiente. I had been unable to tell him we had been delayed because the telephone lines were down. But Valiente was no longer on the island. Our ferry must have passed his ferry on the way over. He had been advised by ham radio about Fanny's predicament and had decided to try to track her down.

I learned what happened after we had arrived in Ancud, the capital of Chiloé, and wondered if I would be able to find Lucho. The people at the local Catholic Church heard that my friend, who had recently been transferred to Achao, was all right. That small island, still another ferry ride and day away, could be reached without problems, but who could know what surprises might be in store? That I had been so near to Maullín and yet unaware of what was happening there accentuated my uncertainty. This was the way the majority of Chileans lived, engrossed in their immediate affairs, their stalled cars or their stalled lives, unable—and many of them unwilling—to register the suffering that was going on all around them.

Even so, the story of Chile during my years of absence was not only the story of how a dictator controlled the public space and reduced communication so that people could not address their problems collectively; it was also the

Ariel Dorfman, the author of The Empire's Old Clothes (Pantheon), is working on the theatrical version of his novel Widows for the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles.

story of how my countrymen had managed to break down those barriers. Living in a foreign land, subjected to distance—distance and impotence—as a punishment, I had intended this voyage to be primarily a statement that I was taking my place in the process of rearticulating our fractured nation, that I wanted to help reassemble the fragments—in this case, those small pieces called Lucho and Ariel and Angélica and the little piece of us, Joaquín, who had been born far from his country.

How often, while I was living abroad, in Paris, in Amsterdam, in Maryland, had I received messengers from Chile, reconnecting me to my homeland and the struggle there. Now it was my turn to be a messenger. And what better reward than to see the look of joy and bewilderment on the face of our friend Lucho when we arrived the next day in Achao. We had come a long way to embrace him in that remote corner of the earth, and we spent the next two days trying to fill the twelve-year gap in our lives.

At 9 in the morning and at 9 at night, the seven *relegados* who live in Achao must report to the police station. There are no jobs for them—almost half the village is unemployed—so most of the day they study, walk, hold lengthy conversations with one another. You can stroll the eight wide streets of Achao in a half-hour, always ending up at the windswept pebble beach, where oxcarts pull up and load seaweed, and skiffs arrive at the dock laden with people from the ten even smaller islands of the bay, selling their scant crops. It was cloudy and cold while we were there, but on clear days, we were told, you can see the mainland and the Andes silhouetted against the sky. It is a charming place to visit for a couple of hours, but by the end of our stay we could understand why our friends felt like caged animals.

Even so, they are lucky that they have one another for company; many internal exiles are alone. The group in Achao is a fascinating assortment; it is almost as though some mad internal security officer had selected a representative sample of the Chilean resistance.

Four had been sent to Achao last November. One of them, Valentín Osorno, a plumber, had been president of the Construction Workers' Union, which had been singled out because a support committee that other workers had formed to back the union's victorious strike in 1982 had called for the first national protest in May 1983. In June 1983—during the second national protest—he was arrested. For six days he had been a *desaparecido*, and then he was sent off to internal banishment on this small island off Chiloé. Carlos Opazó, who was the leader of the country's largest peasant organization, had also been arrested that June. He was tortured by electric shock and then transferred to a lonely, bitterly cold fjord in Patagonia. This was his sixth, perhaps seventh, arrest since 1973—he had lost count. Of the twenty elected officials of his organization at the time of the coup, only two are free in Chile today. The rest were executed, are missing or are in exile.

There were also two university students from Antofagasta, a port city in the far north, who had been elected to student office in the first free university elections in ten

years and had been instrumental in organizing the protests. Now they were paying dearly. Their unions had been abolished, and most of them were either in internal exile or in jail awaiting trial by military courts. One of the Achao *relegados*, Iván Poblete, had just one month left before graduating as a mining engineer when the authorities decided to expel him, but a strike called by his fellow students—this, in the middle of the worst repression in years!—had forced the administration to promise that he could resume his career after his internal exile was over. No such luck for the other student, Patricio Rojas, who had been expelled from the Catholic University. Suspended four times previously, he had nevertheless interrupted a valedictory speech given by Gen. Hernán Brady, Pinochet's former Minister of Energy, telling him he was not welcome at the university. He might have had a brilliant career in literature. Instead he will probably end up in the government's Minimum Employment Program, sweeping streets or beautifying public gardens for \$40 a month.

That was how Esteban Garrido, who had been arrested along with Lucho, had survived all these years. His wife was in the program, and he contributed a little by working at part-time jobs. Garrido had headed one of the largest slum organizations in southern Santiago, but if he had not gone to a meeting place of the Socialist Bloc that day he might not have been arrested. The last *relegado*, Jaime Cataldo, had also been arrested on November 7 with Lucho. By a strange coincidence, he had been Lucho's bunkmate in the Chacabuco concentration camp eleven years earlier. Cataldo had been one of the organizers of the successful October strike. The afternoon before the strike he stood in Santiago's Central Plaza, surrounded by policemen and foreign journalists, and read a declaration calling for Pinochet's resignation. The police were on top of him by the time he got to the second paragraph; they roughed him up and arrested him. He was released on bail, but one week later was arrested again.

I was struck by the way he and his fellow *relegados*, and almost every other dissident I met in Chile, talked about repression as if it were a normal part of their lives. They shrugged off the experience: worse things were probably in store. If they were able to feel stronger—and not weaker, as the government had intended—it was because of the currents of solidarity that flowed to them from the people. Their rent and their return ticket, which the government does not pay for, were taken care of by human rights organizations, whose finances, by the way, have been strained to the breaking point by the drastic increase in victims. Rojas's small son had been admitted to a free day-care center in Antofagasta so his mother could work; Poblete had been approached in jail by a plainclothes detective who had thrust some money into his hand; in Osorno's shantytown, people had given his parents food; Garrido's wife had been able to visit him because the impoverished slum dwellers had held a benefit to raise the money for her fare.

But what had inspired him most, Lucho told me, had been the welcome Garrido, Cataldo and he had received in Chonchi, where they had been banished originally. They

had found themselves suddenly dropped in a strange village 800 miles from home, without a cent or even a toothbrush. As they headed toward the church, people came out of their houses and smiled at them. Father Lazarus was expecting them—three beds were already prepared. While the *relegados* had been making the twenty-hour journey from Santiago to Puerto Montt, a “feverish machine of solidarity,” in Lucho’s words, had been set in motion. The telephones in Chonchi began ringing; friends of friends and acquaintances of relatives called the villagers. And so, the day they arrived, people came to see them. Each brought something: a piece of soap, pencils and paper, a blanket, toothpaste (but no toothbrush, at least not in that initial offering). The first Sunday morning the priest ended his sermon: “Three friends have arrived at my house. I want the whole community to receive them. They have been persecuted because they are men who think. They are persecuted because they are fighting for a just cause.”

Chonchi had not been spared the effects of the economic catastrophe that the regime’s monetarist planners had brought on Chile. Nevertheless, people loaned the “guests” everything they needed—an old stove, some chairs, pillows, mattresses. Each morning, the milkman left them a free bottle of milk, the vegetable stand charged them half price, even liquor was sold below cost. Ten days after their arrival, they had rented a small house. They had been adopted.

But what made them really feel at home was that they were able to contribute something to the town. Cataldo gave remedial mathematics lessons to Chonchi adolescents. Garrido, seeing that Father Lazarus had fallen hopelessly behind in registering births, deaths and marriages, helped copy entries into a ledger that dated back to 1660. Lucho had hit on the most stimulating job. The Chilean opposition is linked by a network of independent study centers. Because the universities are controlled by the government, some intellectuals cautiously organized alternative schools with aid from abroad. These institutions have kept the tradition of criticism and intelligent discourse alive. Lucho, for instance, who holds a doctorate in sociology from the Sorbonne, had been a fellow at Vector, a center which analyzes Chile’s social and economic reality (its offices were raided while I was in Santiago, everyone present carted off to spend a few days in prison). If Lucho had not been taken at the apartment, he would have been arrested at Vector. Life in Chile is a lottery. I had had an appointment to visit Vector on the day after the assault. If I had scheduled it for a day earlier, I would be telling quite a different story.

Chiloé had a modest study center called Opdechi (Office for the Development of Chiloé). It had been set up by a group of local professionals to administer a technical assistance program for peasants. Some of those professionals lived in Chonchi and were experimenting with seeds and pig breeding and were helping the peasants organize cooperatives. They lacked a comprehensive picture of Chiloé’s agrarian structure, however, and Lucho proposed to initiate a study, concentrating on what might well be the key to the island’s development, the small landholder. Since he was forbidden to leave town, he had to train assistants to

do the fieldwork. He tabulated and codified the data they gathered, calculating that by the time his internal exile was over, there would be enough information to start writing a preliminary report. His forced removal to Achao meant that the report would have to wait. When his three-month exile was finished, he told me that rather than go straight to Santiago he planned to return to Chonchi for an intensive one-week workshop with the Opdechi people. Instead of exile increasing social fragmentation, it had, in Lucho and his friends’ case, brought intellectuals to a social backwater.

After Chonchi, Achao was a letdown. The first four *relegados* sent there had not received the kind of support Lucho and the others had in Chonchi. The local priest was indifferent to them; they had not even met him. Without the church’s protection, the townspeople were afraid to associate with the exiles. The repression following the 1973 coup had been more cruel there than it had been in Chonchi. When I walked with the *relegados* through the town, the residents looked right through them. Lucho attributed the coolness to an odd set of circumstances. Early last December, shortly after the four *relegados* arrived, a helicopter had blown up while flying over Achao Bay. General Pinochet was visiting on the island at the time, and the chopper had come to pick him up. After the explosion (which was considered sabotage), Achao was crawling with soldiers. I spotted a couple myself, as well as a battleship off the coast, hunting for the wreckage.

The people of Chiloé believe the islands are full of witches, and there were rumors before the helicopter’s downing that one of them had prophesied that Pinochet would die there. “This town is living under the tremendous burden of its own astonishment,” observed Lucho, using language that Gabriel García Márquez would appreciate. “It cannot believe that its own prophecy came so near to being fulfilled. If I were one of them, I’d be scared too.”

I asked him why he and the two other *relegados* had been sent to Chonchi originally. Why hadn’t they been shut up in Achao in the first place? In Chile, he replied, nothing is ever fully understood. Mystery enhances authority. Perhaps the functionaries who had shipped him off to Chonchi had never visited the place and had no idea the priest was so radical. They might have selected it by throwing darts at a

FOOTNOTE ON AN HISTORIC CASE: IN RE ALGER HISS

This just-published booklet by author William A. Reuben identifies 114 factual errors in the Federal District Court of New York’s 1982 decision upholding Hiss’s conviction for perjury in 1950. This flawed decision, upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1983, stands as the last legal word on one of the most celebrated cases in modern history. 1 copy \$5, 10 copies \$40, 50 copies \$150, 100 copies \$250. Make checks payable to The Nation Institute and send to “Hiss,” The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

map. Later, after foreign journalists filed reports from Chonchi, somebody in Santiago must have banged a desk and shouted, Enough is enough! and the exiles were shifted. "I even gave a telephone interview to the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation," Lucho said with a smile—whether of nostalgia or mischief it was hard to tell. He recognized that they might have been overly confident, but that was how the resistance advanced: people dared to do something as if they had a right to, creating a *fait accompli*. That was how the opposition magazines had begun, how the trade unions had started to meet. "You go as far as is tolerated, and a little farther," Cataldo said. "And when they kick the shit out of you, you stop, regroup and try again. But the next try starts from a more advanced point than the first one, and that's the way you make progress."

I remarked that a strategy of limited confrontation with the government might have worked before, but now, with repression so widespread, it could be inadequate. What would the internal exiles do, I asked, if the military renewed the state of siege in February, automatically extending their sentences?

The *relegado* who answered asked not to be identified. "I think the time has come to refuse to accept the government's orders," he said. "We have to find ways to challenge their right to punish us in this way." But how?

Internal exiles all over Chile could escape on a predetermined day, he said. In the morning they would sign in at the police station as usual, but by evening they would be on their way to Santiago, where they would hold a massive demonstration at the Supreme Court. The government would have to go to the trouble of relocating them, but they would escape again, and again, provoking the government to carry out more drastic measures. Since Pinochet wants to keep repression within limits so as not to alienate his allies, the *relegados* would be subverting his central strategy. They would also be setting an example for the millions of Chileans who are exiles in their own homes, hemmed in by imaginary lines they fear to cross. And so, solving the problem of internal banishment meant finding ways to turn the vast protest movement into an irrepressible wave of civil disobedience, making the country ungovernable.

The protests of 1983 and 1984 were supported by a majority of Chileans, but it was a timid, passive support. People banged pots and pans. They elected dissidents as leaders in the shantytowns and the professional organizations alike. Some built barricades and stoned the police; huge crowds marched in a couple of rallies. But the number of people involved in political mobilization was small. That is why Pinochet's state of siege has been so effective against the opposition.

When I was in Santiago there was considerable talk about how to proceed. At a dinner attended by some of the country's major intellectuals, we had discussed the need for the thousand most prominent politicians and artists in Chile to meet in one of Santiago's plazas at midnight—when the curfew goes into effect—and sit down and refuse to move. They would say to the police that they were adults and no one could tell them to go home. We had also talked about

an antitorture movement. When one of the members is arrested on the street, the others would demand to be taken in too. At other meetings I heard vague plans for a tax revolt or nonpayment of bank and utility debts. And for the first time, I heard many people, most of them Communists, speak of insurrection and armed revolution.

All those scenarios, violent or nonviolent, would require vast reserves of people behind them. The problem is that the rest of the country is not ready to go as far as the activists. If everyone was like the seven exiles in Achao, Pinochet's days would be numbered. And those seven are not atypical, as I discovered when I returned to Santiago and read a confidential report written by a group of human rights activists who had visited all 221 internal exiles. They had ended the report on a defiant note: "Thank you, General Pinochet. We could never have paid 221 first-rate agitators to go to the farthest reaches of the country and organize the opposition."

I enjoyed the impertinence of those words, but I felt they contained a hint of willful blindness. The question is: Is Chile like Chonchi, where so much was accomplished, or is it like Achao, where the residents were too frightened to move? And there were worse places than Achao, as I found out in the next few days.

I still had to find Fanny Pollarolo. Embracing Lucho, meeting the other *relegados*, inspired by their steadfastness, I was determined not to let the government cut me off. I had letters and some gifts for her. I would deliver them. She was, I had learned, in one of the most inaccessible places in a country where so many places are inaccessible: Puelo, a small village a few hundred miles from Puerto Montt, near the mountains. No telephone, no telegraph, no running water, no electricity, a chapel visited by an itinerant priest once in a while, and seven policemen for 500 scattered inhabitants. There was no road; one could reach it only by private airplane or by boat.

Back in Ancud, we consulted with the human rights activists and decided that a plane was out of the question. Fanny's husband was trying at that very moment to rent one in Puerto Montt. The police would tolerate his visit to Puelo, one should think, but if a few hours later I descended from a Cessna, my reception might be far different. I had managed, thus far on this return to Chile, to stay out of serious trouble, due partly to caution, partly to sheer luck. It would be foolish to follow Fanny into the lion's mouth.

The journey by boat didn't look any better. A barge, which took about ten hours, departed from Puerto Montt and slowly plied its course up the estuary, visiting the small settlements, picking up cattle, crops and passengers. But I was told that its owner had canceled the day's sailing because a storm was brewing. Indeed, the rain soon started and would continue for the next three days. There was another possibility. At the far end of the estuary, there were tourist boats that made half-day excursions. If I could pose as a vacationer, I might persuade the captain of one of them to drop us off in Puelo and pick us up a couple of hours later. The fact that such excursions were organized at the Hotel Ralún, one of Chile's most luxurious resorts, was a

boon. No one would suspect that we were visiting a subversive psychiatrist.

When we arrived the next day, however, we discovered that the outing had been called off because of the storm. Things would undoubtedly get better tomorrow, we were assured. But the hotel manager wondered why we would want to see Puelo, which had no attractions whatsoever. He recommended we visit several other, more picturesque spots—a quaint fishing village or some rocks where sea lions congregated. When we insisted it had to be Puelo, I could sense disapproval creeping into his voice—not suspicion, but it soon might be. Angélica looked him straight in the eye and confessed to him, and to the other astounded employees, that I had met her in Puelo many years ago on a hiking trip and that I had promised to go there again for our wedding anniversary.

The storm did not abate, so we could not make the boat trip. I do not want to read too much into my failure. It was, after all, due primarily to the weather, and indirectly to that deplorable car-rental agency. But if it had been easy to see Fanny and deliver my messages, I would not have been able to describe the strength of General Pinochet. She had been moved to a spot where the climate would keep visitors away, where they could not be sure of seeing her even if they did get there, where they could be stranded. That was the whole point of her being in Puelo and not in Maullín. Fanny's daughter, visiting from Europe, with whom I spoke when I got to back to Santiago, said she probably would not attempt the trip. It was fortunate that she didn't try. The day before I left Chile, I heard that Fanny had been relocated once again. The Association of Doctors had protested to the Minister of the Interior about her banishment to Puelo. And to show how humanitarian he was, the Minister had her moved to Palena, which turned out to be even farther away, some 200 miles to the south of Puelo, where Patagonia begins.

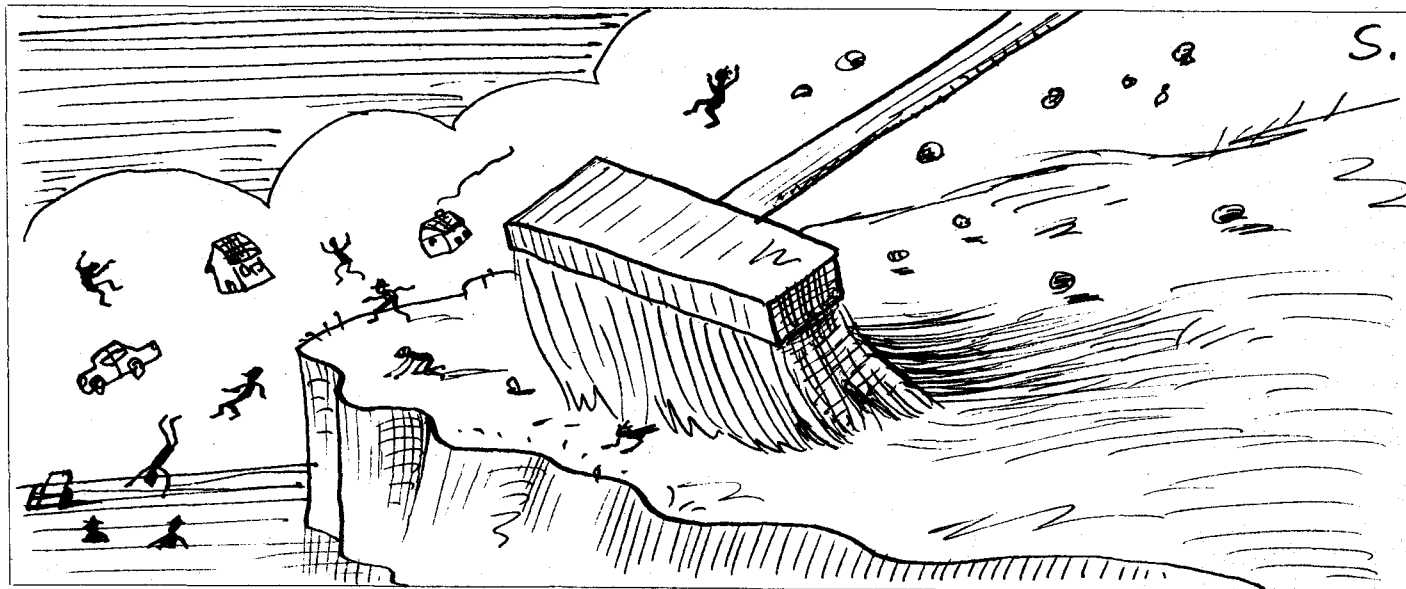
The *relegados* of Achao and elsewhere might discuss plans for escaping, but there was no escaping Puelo or Palena or the other more infernal places. Some days later, I

met a group of men in Santiago who had spent several months in the concentration camp of Pisagua in Chile's desolate northern desert. Former community leaders of the shantytowns and tent cities near the capital, they had been arrested in the raids that followed the state of siege proclamation. The government had been waiting for the opportunity to break the popular organizations that had been giving it such trouble and replace their directorates with Pinochet supporters. For those prisoners, 112 of them, there was no courtesy and no restraint. They had been tortured, handcuffed and thrown into trucks. During the two-day ride north, they had twice been placed before mock firing squads. At Pisagua there were barbed-wire fences, watchtowers, guard dogs, a commander who threatened to have them shot if they disobeyed, backbreaking exercises for hours on end, food and water restrictions. They were treated like criminals; with them in the camp were 304 slum dwellers with police records—assault, robbery, prostitution and the like—who had been picked up in the same raids. The criminals were told that the troublemaking “politicians” were responsible for their arrest and that if they felt like it, they should take out their anger on them.

I had heard stories like this more than a decade ago, after the coup that ousted Salvador Allende. I was chilled now not so much by memories of the past but by intimations of the future. The prisoners had worked long hours during their two and a half months, turning Pisagua into a permanent facility, building barracks which could house 600 inmates, showers, a small clinic, a mess hall and kitchen.

Would Lucho Alvarado and Fanny Pollarolo and so many others now in internal exile, and still others who were for the moment free, wind up there if they continued their civil disobedience? Is that where the next batch of protesters would be sent? And was I not hearing about a place where I myself might end up if I took my inevitable place in the opposition when I returned to Chile permanently?

I doubt that Pisagua, now that it has been fortified, will soon be abandoned. Perhaps it, and similar facilities, will come into more frequent use in the months and years ahead.



Perhaps history still reserves for my people a second September 11. □

Revisionism

(Continued From Page 453)

strengthen the power of domineering females.

Family policy was designed as a substitute for community action. The most politically innovative tactic of the War on Poverty had been contained in the ubiquitous provision for "maximum feasible participation" of the poor in each Great Society program, from the preschool Head Start system to services for the elderly. But that ran counter to the logic of the Moynihan report. The root cause of poverty, black family pathology, could hardly be eliminated by popular participation in efforts to reshape power relationships. Indeed, black women were usually the most active participants in such struggles, and their efforts merely strengthened the destructive matriarchy Moynihan described.

Before Moynihan got down to detailing family policy, black and white community leaders, social scientists and radical critics raised such a furor that he retired from the Johnson Administration to Harvard, where, with the aforementioned Nathan Glazer and with James Q. Wilson, he set about to devise ways to implement his ideas. In the meantime he wrote a book about his experiences in the heat of the Poverty War battles. He called it *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding*.

Moynihan got another shot at family policy when Richard Nixon entered the White House. Armed by Glazer and Wilson with a family policy agenda, he joined the Republican Administration to counsel "benign neglect" of blacks and their demands for jobs, services and political empowerment. Instead, a Family Assistance Plan would use the tax system to channel money—economic power—to male household heads, thus strengthening the black family and encouraging the "stable relationship to male authority" without which, he warned, all hell was apt to break loose in the ghetto and surrounding neighborhoods.

Congress passed a family tax-credit plan in 1975, Gerald Ford signed it and millions began to benefit from it. But somehow poverty and its social consequences did not abate. Moynihan was not noticeably concerned. His personal practice of benign neglect led him to fields of foreign, not family, policy. In the United Nations he was the scourge of Third World revolutionaries. In the councils of the Democratic Party he formulated neoconservative doctrine. The people of New York elected him to the Senate in 1976 (and again in 1982), where, in the opinion of an adoring press, he steered a judicious course on matters affecting the intelligence community and an intelligent one on the affairs of the Federal judiciary.

But the poor were still with us, if not with him. Through busts and booms, the poverty class expanded and the symptoms spread. The Reagan Administration continued the practice of benign neglect, with a vengeance. Among the Democrats, the Mondale center proposed no solutions other

than traditional welfare and social services. But poverty and welfare dependency have accelerated since 1970. Moynihan and his allies in Democratic midstream see trouble ahead—eruptions more violent than any suffered in the 1960s.

"Family and Nation"—the title of his Godkin series, and probably of the book to follow—revises "The Negro Family" in an important way. It ignores the earlier notion that the black family is the problem. Moynihan's ignorance is well advised, for since 1965, the thesis that black family patterns are pathological, that they are unique in American history, that they are the legacy of slavery, that they constitute the substance of the culture of poverty, has been demolished by studious sociology. (For a devastating critique, see Herbert Gutman in *The Nation's* special issue on Moynihan, September 22, 1979.) More recent scholars have recomputed his old data to indicate quite different conclusions: black families are remarkable adaptations for survival; poverty and its effects are caused by contemporary conditions rather than antebellum attitudes; and white society is in as much of a mess as black society.

"Family and Nation" recovers the ideology of the Moynihan report but extends it to whites as well as blacks. It does not revise the notion that the "broken family" is the cause of poverty and social perversity. To do so would be to admit that the economic and political structures need serious redevelopment, with another round of maximum feasible participation of the disenfranchised, more community action and a redistribution of power and privilege in such inviolate citadels as Congress and Harvard.

This time, too, Moynihan proposes few plans beyond tax reform and targeted welfare payments to children. He calls for a new political center, organized around family policy, to head off what he apprehends is the social apocalypse. "Is it possible that conservatives will think their way through to a 'conservative vision of the welfare state' that is much oriented to family welfare?" he asked. "Is it possible that liberals might join and something of a center be reconstituted? Surely it is," he answered himself.

But is it? And, if so, what would that center hold? The Moynihan report was profoundly, if carelessly, racist and sexist. It blamed black culture and, by implication, the black character for the sufferings of black people; rarely in modern American scholarship have victims been so thoroughly blamed for their misery. It offered a new kind of momism; not since Philip Wylie's *Generation of Vipers* has a man laid the onus for the country's ills on women.

"Nation and Family" recalls the sexual fear-fantasies and does not exorcise the racism. Moynihan does not acknowledge his critics. He leaves his previous diagnosis of black malaise intact and adds to it one of class pathology. That may be a foundation on which to build a small political campaign, aided by the white fear of subway muggers, the despair over drug addiction and the atavistic distaste for unwed mothers. But the thesis offers nothing that will clean up the cities, restore old family forms and rehabilitate welfare dependents, because it simply is not true. Moynihan has it all backward, and that is no way to make a new politics. □

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

History Class

DAVID MONTGOMERY

WORKERS: Worlds of Labor. By Eric Hobsbawm. Pantheon. 369 pp. \$19.95. Paper \$11.95.

There is no other historian of modern labor movements comparable to Eric Hobsbawm, who has taught at London's Birkbeck College and teaches each fall at the New School for Social Research. He is adept at minutely detailed case studies (of London's nineteenth-century gas workers), boldly imaginative analyses of popular customs (of wage- and work-expectations and union rituals), insightful comparisons of labor movements in different countries (in this volume's "'New Unionism' in Perspective") and breathtaking panoramas of worldwide phenomena (such as the relation between workers and nationalism). His erudition is informed by classical Marxist theory, with its emphasis on the irrepressible conflict of classes. He also sticks very close to the reality of human experience: "History is what happened, not what might have happened." As a consequence he refuses to bow before the intellectual fads of the hour, whether they be hypothetical history, novel interpretations with no merit other than their novelty or essays written only to champion the "good side" in history. His work is therefore especially refreshing reading now, when the ideological fashion is a mummified celebration of "the market" and "modernity."

Workers consists of seventeen essays, about half of them published previously. It is a fitting sequel to *Labouring Men*, published in 1964, and several chapters continue discussions initiated in the earlier book. Except for an inquiry into the prominence of "political shoemakers," written with Joan W. Scott, pre-industrial artisans enjoy far less attention in *Workers* than they received in *Labouring Men*. The bulk of the chapters focus on industrial life in the last 120 years. The making of the

English working class, which we identify (and which identified itself) by the cloth cap, took place between 1870 and 1914. Hobsbawm unifies his essays about it by exploring three related questions. How did British workers produce the cultural and political separatism that characterized them between the 1880s and the 1940s? How did they compare with workers elsewhere in the industrial world? Why, during the last three decades, have they entered "a phase of relative decline of separateness"? Most of these essays were written for a scholarly audience, but only two are so packed with information and ideas as to trouble a reader not well versed in labor history. The rest are suitable for any mortal who wants to learn something important.

Classes, in the sense of aggregations of people linked to or differentiated from one another by their relationships to the means of production, have existed in all historical societies, Hobsbawm argues, but only under capitalism did class become "an immediate and in some sense a directly *experienced* historical reality." This viewpoint differs sharply from the belief, popularized in academic circles by Louis Hartz and others, that ideologies mapping society in terms of class represent a legacy of feudalism, which modern life tends to eradicate. But Hobsbawm also contends that some forms of class consciousness "are, as it were, in tune with historical development, and others are not." Thus bourgeois ideology around 1860 both reflected and, at least superficially, explained the experience of contemporary social life. Nevertheless, that ideology needed both to justify the dominance of a class ("the successful") and to deny the existence of class, by asserting the validity of its principles for all members of society. Workers' movements, by way of contrast, explicitly appealed to the experience and loyalties of a single class. They rejected individualism because they represented people who "cannot make things happen except collectively."

Other classes in industrial countries, such as peasants and small shopkeepers, have at times played formidable political roles, but they remained "inevitable victims," because even their victories

(such as electing populists or redistributing land) did little to deter their historic decline. That proposition is bound to rouse the ire of many social historians, but Hobsbawm defends it vigorously, even to the point of reasserting Marx's much denounced comparison of the French peasantry to a sack of potatoes.

Moreover, he insists quite rightly that no class lives autonomously. "The world of the poor," he writes, "is a subaltern and therefore in some senses incomplete world, for it normally takes for granted the existence of the general framework of those who have hegemony." His explanation of why working people displayed remarkably little resistance to the secularism and even militant atheism that characterized nineteenth-century labor movements emphasizes the pervasive influence of "decisions from above" on workers' conceptions of the world. Similarly, in a brilliant discussion of the salient role of the "labour aristocracy" in Victorian Britain, Hobsbawm contends that the distinctive stratification of the British working class was the "joint product of an archaic form of industrialization and of the value system of a confident liberal bourgeoisie" in a period of rising living standards. Above all, he points to the feebleness of Britain's petite bourgeoisie, which enabled skilled workers to become the core of what was often called England's lower middle class.

Nevertheless, the labor aristocrats viewed themselves as part of the working class—indeed as its leaders. They could not "behave like members of the middle class, even if they wanted to," because even their hunger for self-improvement could be fulfilled only by collective action. The craft unionists' insistence on the standard wage for everyone in each trade remained simply incomprehensible to the individualistic middle class. Employers' efforts to break down such practices at the beginning of this century not only were frustrated by craftsmen's dogged resistance but also radicalized many of their leading activists.

Just as Hobsbawm insists on the interplay of economics, the ruling classes and the workers' own creative activities, so he reminds us that modern working classes and modern nations are inseparable. Class consciousness operates within the framework of nation states,

David Montgomery, Farnam Professor of History at Yale University, is the author of *Workers' Control in America* (Cambridge University Press) and *Beyond Equality* (Knopf).

and workers have time and again shown their identification of class with country. Nevertheless, the working classes of virtually every country have exhibited multiple identifications. The crucial task for historians is not to ask whether ethnicity is more important than class but rather to investigate which set of loyalties have governed which activities of workers (striking, voting, marrying, eating), and what historical circumstances have turned diversity into hostility. Frictions among ethnic groups, he concludes, have become explosive when the state and its institutions are used in the name of one group against its neighbors. Here is a powerful argument for a scrupulously secular state.

Two other themes running through the essays pertain to contemporary problems. First, Hobsbawm argues that workers can shape history only through organizations. He thus rejects the notion that organization per se stifles the initiative of subordinate classes. Nevertheless, the very fact that institutional power cannot be seized by the working

class as a whole but only by its movement or party makes the issue of movement democracy especially urgent for socialists. The familiar assumption that the movement or party invariably represents the real interests of the working class is an invitation to abuses like those epitomized by Stalin and the Cultural Revolution.

Second, just as working classes in Europe and America have lost some of the social separateness that characterized them during the first half of this century, so their movements no longer enjoy their former certainty about where they are heading and how to get there. But it would be folly to think that the leaders of today's capitalist countries have any clearer idea about how to cope with the dilemmas they face. "Neither capitalism nor its designated gravediggers are any longer what they were in 1914 or even in 1939," writes Hobsbawm. In our times, therefore, his penetrating social analysis and his systematic rejection of intellectual fads provide lessons of special importance. □

five that make up the current volume have been found. The loss of the remaining nine is staggering considering the treasures available here.

This was the *drôle de guerre*, the "phony war," that strange period of waiting after the declaration of war when German and French troops stared at each other from behind their fortifications, the Siegfried and Maginot lines. Sartre was stationed in Alsace, attached to the artillery in the meteorological division in which he had done his military service ten years earlier. The idleness of waiting was hard to take; life had been disrupted and there was time to fill. Sartre filled it with a tremendous burst of activity. Writing early in the morning and late at night during those eight months before the Germans overran France, he produced a million or so words—the fourteen volumes of the diaries, hundreds of letters and *The Age of Reason*, the novel that was to become the first in the unfinished tetralogy, *Roads to Freedom*.

By the time Hitler invaded Poland, Sartre had acquired an important reputation in Parisian intellectual circles. He had taught philosophy and had published a landmark novel, *Nausea*, and a striking collection of stories, *The Wall*, as well as philosophic treatises and literary criticism. The cognoscenti already conceded that he was the most brilliant mind of his generation. The war was to divide his life in two. Before it, he engaged in relatively unstructured philosophic inquiry, aligned principally with Husserl, and was essentially aloof from the public concerns of his time; afterward, he developed the basic tenets of his existentialist theories, which were Heideggerian in spirit, and became passionately committed to the political and social issues of the postwar world. It is in *The War Diaries* that we can see Sartre become the Sartre who left his indelible mark on this century.

Sartre decided to keep a diary for a number of reasons. He said he wanted to preserve the testimony of an average soldier, but beyond that the diaries allowed him to explore his own identity and authenticity, to free himself from past influences and to prepare himself for future work, to be alone in the claustrophobia of communal living, "to accentuate the isolation I was in, and the rupture between my past and present lives." Prior to his mobilization, Sartre had gone "fifteen years without looking at myself living"; he was now

Becoming Sartre

TOM BISHOP

THE WAR DIARIES OF JEAN-PAUL SARTRE: November 1939–March 1940. *Translated by Quintin Hoare. Pantheon Books. 366 pp. \$17.95.*

What is one to expect from the posthumous publications of an author who published so extensively during his lifetime? Might we not assume that following Sartre's death in 1980, what remained in his files was either anecdotal or minor, or both? In the past two years, three works have come to light in France: the fascinating *Lettres au Castor* (Sartre's nickname for Simone de Beauvoir), soon to appear in English; the *Cahiers pour une morale*, his notebooks for a never completed treatise on moral philosophy; and the *Carnets de la drôle de guerre*, the diary Sartre kept while a soldier during the "phony war" at the beginning

of World War II. In making Sartre's numerous letters to her available, Simone de Beauvoir affords us a look at the dialectics of one of the most extraordinary relationships of our time (and leaves us eagerly awaiting her letters to him). The *Carnets pour une morale* will enthrall only specialists. But these diaries are the truly great find.

Sartre's *War Diaries* is no afterthought to an illustrious career; it is one of his most brilliant books, essential for anyone even vaguely interested in the chief exponent of postwar existentialism. It ranks with *The Words* for its insight into this complex personality—the leading intellectual figure of his era. It is a dazzling work, humorous and philosophic, introspective yet ready to embrace the world, concerned both with daily life a few miles from the front lines and with complex speculations on existence. Written when he was 34, the war diaries provide the most human portrait of Sartre the man, while prefiguring almost all his later works.

With all that, the diaries represent only a fragment of what Sartre wrote each day from September 1939 to March 1940. Of the fourteen notebooks he filled during that period, only the

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to observe himself closely and record with humor and sensitivity what was happening within him. He wrote his notebooks with the clear conviction that they would one day be published, and they show it.

Many of Sartre's subsequent philosophical concerns surface here. The pages on the problem of nothingness, more readily comprehensible than *Being and Nothingness*, obviously prepared the way for that treatise. Philosophic speculations on such topics as the "other," authenticity and bad faith are more compelling than elsewhere because they are accompanied by references to his own behavior. For example, on returning from a ten-day leave in Paris, he notes: "I rather think I was authentic before my leave. Probably because I was alone. In Paris, I was not authentic. At present, I'm no longer anything." Or, in relation to others, he berates himself: "I am social and an actor," and "I am nothing but pride and lucidity." After confiding that "every four or five months, I look at my stomach in a mirror and get unhappy," he proceeds to judge himself existentially for his paunch.

In the diaries, too, are the first traces of the brilliant autobiography, *The Words*, of his later studies of Genet and Flaubert, of the future novels and plays and of his struggles with the difficulty of formulating a moral philosophy. The analyses of time and history (and especially his readings of Emil Ludwig's biography of William II), the exploration of his links to his own characters and his dismay at not being a poet make equally engrossing reading. Sartre's literary judgments reveal much about his taste and his mentors. He repeatedly mentions Gide with admiration; with Malraux, he respects the many insights in *Man's Fate* but denies their influence on him. "I could have written that," he notes apropos a line from Malraux's novel, and he admits to a "brotherly resemblance between Malraux's literary techniques" and his own. For Flaubert, to whom he was to devote more than three thousand pages of biography, Sartre has only contempt and irritation, deeming his style clumsy, disagreeable and pretentious. He clearly prefers Stendhal; a rereading of *The Charterhouse of Parma* elicits great (and unusual) enthusiasm: "Stendhal's natural style, charm and liveliness of imagination can't be matched. That feeling of admiration is rare indeed with

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me, yet I've experienced it in full measure. And the artistry of the novel!—the unity in its movement!"

Even more captivating than these dense, stimulating and often stunning pages on philosophy and literature are the many passages in which Sartre talks about himself. Taken together with the broader perspective offered by Simone de Beauvoir's autobiographical writings and *Lettres au Castor* they compose the most revealing portrait available of the man. The reader is struck first by Sartre's astounding clarity about himself, his perpetual need for self-analysis. If ever there was a prototype of the intellectual's mania for watching himself doing, it lies in the diaries. A soldier among soldiers, he is caught up in the dull military routines of the waiting war; he eats, works, drinks and talks with his colleagues. But he is equally absorbed by reflections about his past, present and future. Sartre knows himself to be cut off from people and things: "I feel no solidarity with anything, not even with myself: I don't need anybody or anything." Like his hero Orestes in *The Flies*, Sartre feels himself incapable of commitment to the life around him. (That sense of commitment which was to characterize the last thirty-five years of his life was not to "descend on him"—as it did on Orestes—until he was made a prisoner of war during the collapse of France in June 1940.) "I haven't felt Nausea, I'm not authentic," he writes. But, again like Orestes, he adds: "I have halted on the threshold of the promised lands. But at least I point the way to them and others can go there. I'm a guide, that's my role."

If he derided himself for being cut off, at least he was sufficiently involved with women to make constant references to and reflections on his innumerable

mistresses, past and present. He admits that he is bored whenever he is not in love even though he feels that he is "decidedly not cut out for rare emotions." How much we learn about Sartre's works when we learn of "the magical attraction dark, drowning women have for me"! (Sartre's women are identified by the translator, Quintin Hoare, in his fine introduction. They are not identified in the original by the editor of the notebooks, Arlette Elkaim-Sartre, whom Sartre adopted late in life as his daughter.) The friendship of men, Sartre confesses, doesn't interest him and makes him uncomfortable. "In short," he writes in a particularly revealing passage, "there's one half of humanity that hardly exists for me. The other half—well, there's no denying it, the other half is my sole and constant concern. I take pleasure only in the company of women." Four years later, in *No Exit*, Sartre wrote his most famous line, "l'enfer c'est les autres"—"hell is other people." In his personal life, it seems, that was true only half the time.

Sartre's concern with fame and honors in *The War Diaries* comes as something of a surprise in a man who refused to be lionized and who turned down everything from the Legion of Honor to the Nobel Prize. He describes his quandary when *Nausea* was proposed for a literary prize: he would have to write letters of application to all the members of the jury. A moral dilemma! He doesn't believe in awards but wouldn't mind having one. "My cynicism thus masks a dubious taste for consecration," he berates himself. What to do? He writes de Beauvoir for advice. Her reply, ever pragmatic, is precisely what he had expected and undoubtedly desired: he should apply, he could always use the money. "So I

wrote seventeen letters of application and my hand ached." When the literary heavyweights at Gallimard want to propose him for a doctorate by transforming his treatise on imagination into a thesis, he agrees to the idea (though it never materialized). In the diaries, he notes: "No doubt about it, that's how I like to be treated. Conferring a dignity upon me *against my will*; almost apologizing for it." Just a few years later, he would unmercifully deride such hypocrisy.

Finally, *The War Diaries* provides a particularly perceptive account of the phony war. Although he is not happy to be in the army, Sartre is not eager to see the war end, undoubtedly because those strange uneventful months were a sort of vacation for him, an interruption which afforded him time to think and write. Finding the war not so terrible during this stagnant period, he predicts, with a singular lack of foresight, that it "has a modest little future of destruction and death." It is this failure to see what was still to come that enabled him to write, "it's much easier to live decently and authentically in wartime than in peacetime." Nowhere does one find any hatred or even dislike for the Germans; there are signs of a theoretical distaste for Nazis, but Hitler is mentioned rarely and with no special emphasis. Sartre is more rigorous with respect to his own country; he wonders how the future will judge prewar France but rejects the notion that the period has been a decadent one.

Sartre betrays several astonishing notions in the diaries. He dismisses scientists, doctors and engineers as inauthentic and self-impressed and their work as boring. Several times he refers to Jews as members of a special classification. There is never any hostility, nor could anyone suggest that the author of *Anti-Semite and Jew* was remotely anti-Semitic. Yet it is odd to find Sartre referring to Jews as if they were, to use his philosophic terminology, "a category in itself." He describes a trivial incident when something fell "on the head of a small Jew with glasses." Elsewhere, the phrase "this disputatious, Jewish reason" appears in reference to a friend's powers of argumentation. Or again, there is a childhood memory of his Punch-and-Judy toy theater for which he purchased, he says, various stock puppet characters: "the Jew, the Gendarme, the Old Woman, Punch." These are jarring uses of stereotypes.

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While quibbling, one must mention a few unhappy translations here of Sartre's slang. *Discuter le coup* becomes the ungainly "jawing away," and *foirard*, "funk" rather than "scared." More serious in view of the significance of the word in the Sartrean vocabulary is the rendering of *salaud* as "slob" rather than "bastard" or "swine." But these are minor complaints; the transla-

tion is strong, especially in the passages of difficult philosophical discourse, and it is particularly adept at rendering the strength, humor and brilliance of Sartre's prose. "How can a man be grasped in his entirety?" asks Sartre in the diaries. This posthumous publication represents his clearest, most compelling self-portrait, and earns a place among his best writings. □

Healthy Permissiveness

CAROL TAVRIS

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Some guidelines for dealing with this review:

1. Among those of us who can read, reading this essay will not affect our health.
2. The differently-visioned may need to have this review read to them. In spite of Reagan's cutback in services to the "blind," there are fortunately many social-support services available (see Resources).
3. You have a right not to read this review.

I offer these guidelines as a little test of your probable reaction to the third edition of *Our Bodies, Ourselves*. The book is earnestly determined not to offend any of its constituencies and meticulously attentive to sexual politics, linguistic politics and political politics. It tends to be admirably critical of establishment medicine and endearingly tolerant of alternative medicine. If this sort of thing irritates you, best move along to Jane Fonda.

Of course, no one can review—let alone read—*O.B., O. III* without reviewing the history of feminism in the past fifteen years. So almost every reviewer has. (I refer you to Barbara Ehrenreich's eloquent review in the January *Vogue*, which reminds us of where we were, feminism- and medicine-wise, when the first edition was written and of what a stunning accomplishment it was.) Therefore I will discuss this edi-

tion as if I were a typical American student, i.e., one who has no knowledge of the past.

First I wish to kneel and kiss the authors' collective feet for emphasizing that health is not simply a private matter. Amid a deluge of magazines and books that hawk diets, fitness and "personal best," *O.B., O. III* reminds us again that the personal is political—that good health depends not only on aerobics and broccoli but on healthy working conditions, unpolluted environments and uncontaminated food. It criticizes the growing view that we are totally responsible for staying well and somehow to blame for falling sick. It is ever alert to the two systems of medical care in this country, for the rich and the poor. In an age delirious about drug treatments, it sounds the alarm against untested drugs and medical procedures.

The book also sifts evidence from hype in evaluating the fitness movement. For example, it correctly observes that exercise is good but yo-yo diets are deadly; that jogging is fine but so is walking ("for all women who can use their legs"); that fat women should exercise for their pleasure and their health, not to conform to some gaunt national standard; that "differently-abled" women can find exercises to suit their disabilities. Far be it from the authors, though, to impose even this reasonable advice on anyone. "You have a right," they comfort readers, "to remain physically inactive if you choose."

O.B., O. III is divided into seven sections: "Taking Care of Ourselves" (body image, food, drugs, exercise, environmental health, violence against women and alternative forms of healing such as yoga, biofeedback, visualization and "psychic" healing); "Relationships and Sexuality," (gay and straight); "Controlling Our Fertility" (birth control, venereal diseases, abortion, reproductive technologies);

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Carol Tavis is a social psychologist and the author of *Anger: The Misunderstood Emotion* (Simon & Schuster).

"Childbearing"; "Women Growing Older"; "Some Common and Uncommon Health and Medical Problems" (including breast cancer, reproductive-system diseases, toxic shock syndrome and gynecological exams); and "Women and the Medical System" (organizing for change). Each section contains ample notes, references and resources for readers who want further advice or help.

It is a vast, sometimes odd assemblage of information and commentary, with research studies set like raisins in a pudding of poems, letters and anecdotes from women describing their own experiences. Naturally, such an assortment has weak spots, especially when members of the collective couldn't agree on a position. Pornography was omitted entirely; the section on psychotherapy is dated, poorly researched and so brief as to be almost useless. Sometimes a fact will bump into a preference, and the writer's compromise is to retain the fact and relegate the preference to a footnote. Consider honey. The writer acknowledges that "contrary to popular [and holistic-health] opinion, honey has no measurable benefits over sugar." But she couldn't resist the footnote: "Honey, however, can be produced locally, aiding diversification in farming and making possible a more ecological agricultural system."

Never mind. *Our Bodies, Ourselves* is an enormous contribution, and still an excellent reference book for women—especially young women who came of age A.L.A. (After Legalized Abortion) and take too much for granted. We need this book's provocations and reminders. I hope that when I'm eighty, *O.B.O. XIII* will be with us, reassuring us about the distance we've come and spurring us on for the distance that remains. □

THEATER.

PAUL BERMAN

Biloxi Blues

Has Neil Simon created something first-rate? It seems that way for a single brilliant moment in *Biloxi Blues*. Arnold Epstein, G.I. from New York City, arrives in Biloxi, Mississippi, for basic training. The man is so Jewish

he's practically a knish—overintellectual, obstinate, proud, also pale, scrawny and big-nosed. Anti-Semitism can't help clinging to him. Ugly incidents occur. And when the drill sergeant stages a theft to test the platoon's discipline, Private Epstein inscrutably steps forward to confess the crime. He does this to confound the sergeant, to stage a rebellion, perhaps to draw another attack on himself. His action is more than a little perverse and hostile. And for a brief scene you see unvarnished anger on a Neil Simon stage, anger over anti-Semitism, also an authentic sense of a Jew's peculiar place in a gentile world. "The Army has its logic, and I have mine," Epstein says in explanation of his strange confession, and you feel, without Simon having to spell it out, that this logic goes very deep.

The play follows the Army career of Epstein's platoon-mate, Private Eugene Morris Jerome, he of *Brighton Beach Memoirs*. The form remains half-narrated memoir; the theme, how Eugene became a writer. Epstein's troubles play a part. Eugene discovers a passivity in his personality which prevents him from doing anything for the persecuted man, but which also contributes to his writer's talent for standing aside and observing. He learns integrity from Epstein, learns that integrity is necessary for good writing. His progress couldn't be clearer. By the end he's writing for *Stars and Stripes*, the service publication. You are meant to feel a great literary future is in store, the future we will no doubt see in further sagas of the boy from Brooklyn. Yet—here's the disappointment—not once does Eugene's progress show the depth and ambiguity and authentic feeling of that single moment of Epstein's. You watch Eugene's evil-drill-sergeant scene, the naïve-young-fellow-meets-prostitute scene, the young-man-can't-say-I-love-you scene, and you come away with anything but a sense of depth. You come away, in fact, realizing once again that Neil Simon is not too imaginative.

You also do a lot of laughing, which the author would have done better to recognize as the purpose of this play. Simon's skill at humor is formidable. You see it even when he plucks an old string like the funny quality of Jewish names. Eugene watches the drill sergeant be nasty and horrible, then remembers that discipline is the sergeant's job, and armies need discipline. "If it

weren't for discipline there'd be only twelve or thirteen men in the entire Army. There'd be headlines like: 'Corporal Stanley Lieberman Invades Sicily.'" That would be a moderately good line with any number of names, but a Jewish one makes it better. The joke plays on the Jewish humbleness, according to which the more Jewish the name, the humbler its owner, and also on pride in chutzpah, according to which a Stanley Lieberman *would* invade Sicily. Eugene is himself a humble but ambitious type, so the joke fits. It's funny; it's in character; it advances the plot. Later Eugene has a brief U.S.O. romance with a parochial-school girl named Daisy Hannigan, which due to strict Catholic supervision doesn't go beyond a single kiss. He ships out and never sees Daisy Hannigan again, but after the war he learns she has married a doctor in New Orleans. "Now her name is Daisy Horowitz." That's funny because of the same Jewish resonances, but this time the name adds a level of meaning. We realize that Daisy has come away from her romance with Eugene predisposed toward Jewish men, and has finally married one—which means the single kiss was as significant as it seemed and was in fact a turning point in her life. That's a lot of important information to squeeze into an offhand joke. And of course Simon creates a wonderful audience dynamic with these jokes. The one-liners go at a certain clip and at all degrees of intensity, and you get the feeling that he's playing the audience like a set of drums, now thwacking the bass drum, now the cymbal, now tapping a light snare, now a rim shot.

It's just that, enormously skilled though it is, Simon's humor doesn't produce much of a cumulative effect. Woody Allen—to make an unfair comparison—manages to create an Allen universe. This universe is elfin, poignant, sad, light, homely and so clearly established that, while it's exhilarating when Allen gets off an especially good crack, the effect is still marvelous when he doesn't. The Allen universe is itself a funny and moving thing. What universe is there in Neil Simon's humor? By and large the universe of middle-class probity: a universe where conventional morals are reaffirmed and where decency and sanity reign despite all efforts to overthrow them. The fierceness that we see in Private Epstein has no great place in the Simonian vastness. The effect

ultimately is to leave a slightly unpleasant aftertaste. The human heart has more dimensions than Simon cares to show; and one comes away suspecting that one's own heart, which is perhaps less impeccably lovable and simple than what he tends to celebrate onstage, might merit his disapproval. I always laugh at Neil Simon, and I always think I'm having a fine time; and a little black cloud always lodges between my eyes.

In any case, what a very good production *Biloxi Blues* has received. Barry Miller plays Epstein with seamless perfection. Penelope Ann Miller turns the otherwise digressive scenes of romance with Hannigan-Horowitz into moments of real feeling. Bill Sadler makes a convincing sergeant. And there's Matthew Broderick as Eugene, whose walk and hand motions and accent are a map of Jewish Brooklyn—the real Brooklyn, not the one you see in movies. This young man is extremely talented. He tips his head, and you go from a perfectly silent well-behaved member of the audience to Simon's bass drum. The play lasts three hours, and Matthew Broderick thwacks flawlessly throughout.

Biloxi Blues is at the author's own theater, the Neil Simon on Broadway, and will probably run there for ninety years. □

FILMS.

DAN BELLM

Ballad of the Little Soldier

German director Werner Herzog has earned a reputation for siding with civilization's castoffs—the isolated, the primitive, the madmen, the losers. *The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser* considered the case of a full-grown man unable to walk or talk, kept chained in a barn from birth by his father. *Stroszek* followed a German ex-convict on his doomed trek across America. Herzog risked his own life and sanity to film *Aguirre, Wrath of God* and *Fitzcarraldo*, whose heroes were ennobled by the courage of their madness. For *La Soufrière*, he remained on the evacuated

island of Martinique long after the experts had predicted a volcanic eruption, to interview an old black man awaiting his death.

None of Herzog's films, however, has distinguished him as a political thinker; politics, presumably, is only another of civilization's traps. Yet Herzog's aura of compassion and personal risk is bound to lend credibility to his careless and misleading new film on the plight of Miskito Indians in Nicaragua, *Ballad of the Little Soldier*. Filmed in five weeks in the spring of 1984 at a Miskito village inside Nicaragua and at refugee and *contra* training camps in Honduras, this 45-minute work purports to show "the Sandinistas' failure to deal with [the Miskitos] any better" than Somoza did. Herzog made no effort to talk with representatives of the Nicaraguan government or to visit settlements where Miskitos have not sided with the *contras*. To lend drama to his enterprise, he describes his clandestine entry into Nicaragua as "traveling behind enemy lines."

Ballad of the Little Soldier makes serious charges, some of which may be undeniable. What's missing is the political context, which a more thorough investigation could have supplied. Herzog's argument centers around alleged atrocities by Sandinista forces against Miskitos living at the Honduran border along the Río Coco in late 1981; according to the film this period marked the beginning of a Sandinista policy of Indian extermination. The reality is far more complex, although the Sandinistas have admitted to serious abuses and violence against Miskitos by their army in 1981 and 1982.

Few Miskitos took part in the rebellion which led to the Sandinista victory in 1979. Although they are Nicaraguans, their native language is Miskito, not Spanish, and before the revolution most lived in an essentially isolated world, equally unaware of *Somocismo* and *Sandinismo*. Few of the country's resources had reached the Río Coco or the Atlantic coast under Somoza, but neither had the dictatorship's repression. Reliant for centuries on trade and "development" from Britain, the United States and the Caribbean more than from the economy of Nicaragua, *costeños* (coast people) had developed a mistrust of the Spanish-speaking population, which naturally included the Sandinistas and their revolution. In Miskito the words for

"Spaniard" and "enemy" are the same.

Steadman Fagoth Müller, a university-educated Miskito who had been a state security agent under Somoza, exploited this basic mistrust after the revolution as head of the organization Misurasata by portraying the Sandinistas as godless communists who would destroy Miskito culture and steal their land. For their part the Sandinistas showed little sensitivity at first to Miskito culture, and some regarded the entire people as an inherently counterrevolutionary force. Escalating tensions led to the arrest in 1981 of Misurasata's leadership. After his release Fagoth fled to Honduras to form Misura, the Miskito underground army, and allied himself with the Nicaraguan Democratic Force (F.D.N.), largely composed of ex-Somoza National Guardsmen and heavily financed by the United States. Baffled by this dispersion of their leadership and terrified by Fagoth's radio broadcasts about impending genocide by the Sandinistas, thousands of Miskitos fled to Honduras.

In December 1981, in a campaign called Red Christmas, Fagoth's forces and the F.D.N. staged their first major attack on the Nicaraguan Army. Although Herzog is vague about dates, the atrocities by the Sandinistas described in *Ballad of the Little Soldier* apparently date from this campaign. Aided by the Central Intelligence Agency, the *contras* planned to establish control of the Río Coco zone by fomenting a Miskito insurrection. Although some Miskitos fled to Honduras, many did not. The insurrection never occurred, but the Río Coco villages were caught in a terrible crossfire, mistrusted by both sides. At least sixty people died in *contra* attacks on more than a dozen villages. To prevent the *contras* from gaining a territorial foothold, the Sandinistas quickly relocated the Río Coco population (about 8,500 Miskitos) farther south and burned their villages.

Many atrocities were reported during and after the Red Christmas campaign, but *Ballad of the Little Soldier* presents those on one side only. A woman in a Honduran refugee camp describes for Herzog the killing of nine Miskito children by Sandinistas, four of them her own; there is no reason to doubt her awful story. Americas Watch, in its report "The Miskitos in Nicaragua, 1981-1984," released in November, reported two incidents in which un-

Dan Bellm, a freelance writer based in New York City, spent January living and working with Miskito Indians at La Isla de Upá, Nicaragua.

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armed Miskito civilians were killed by Sandinistas. About seventeen prisoners were allegedly killed in December 1981 in the village of Leimus, and sometime in 1982 seven children were allegedly killed in Walpa Siksa. The latter may well be the incident described in the film. The soldier responsible for the Walpa Siksa killings was reportedly executed by his superior officer; elsewhere, a Sandinista soldier named Ríos Torres, convicted of raping a Miskito woman, was sentenced to eighteen years in prison. Apart from these incidents, Americas Watch "uncovered no information" to support Fagoth's wider allegations of "nearly 300 Miskito deaths and thousands of disappearances." The Miskitos in Honduran camps whom Herzog interviewed, however, may well have been much influenced by the continuing flood of Fagoth's unverified propaganda.

The cruel lie of Herzog's film is to portray the Miskitos as a well-unified force of freedom fighters opposed to the Sandinista government. In fact, the war has left the Miskitos, even the Miskito *contras*, profoundly divided. Brooklyn Rivera, the Misurasata leader who joined with Eden Pastora's *contra* group, ARDE, in Costa Rica, has accused Fagoth and Misura of ambushing, torturing and killing fellow Miskitos. A March 1985 report by Americas Watch, "Violations of the Laws of War by Both Sides in Nicaragua, 1981-1985," thoroughly documents Misura's shameful record, which includes the recruitment of young Miskito males by force and the kidnapping of entire communities to Honduras. The report also found evidence of restraints in Honduran camps on Miskitos who wish to return to Nicaragua. The many Miskitos who participate in Sandinista social service projects are a central Misura target; a well-publicized case is that of Myrna Cunningham, a Miskito doctor kidnapped from the Bilwaskarma village hospital during Red Christmas. She and a nurse were repeatedly raped and beaten by Miskito *contras* before being released, and the hospital was destroyed. More recently, in April 1984, Misura attacked the Miskito resettlement camp of Sumubila, Nicaragua, killing six people and destroying a hospital and an ambulance. Whatever its origins, Misura has now fully aligned itself with the F.D.N.'s campaign against civilian targets.

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To his credit, Herzog was able to spot some of this cruel opportunism when he visited a Misura training camp. These are the film's best moments—somber, haunting images of boys, mostly 9 to 12 years old, being trained by ex-National Guardsmen to fire machine guns and rocket launchers. "This is the best age for training," comments one instructor. "Their minds are clean, not corrupt yet, we can teach them." "You mean you can brainwash them," interposes Herzog's co-director, Denis Reichle, and the instructor unwittingly takes the bait. "Yes, we can brainwash them and show them the reality of why they are fighting today." "Are you afraid?" Herzog asks one boy. "No," the boy quickly answers, but he wears a look of numbed terror.

Myrna Cunningham and thousands of other Miskitos could have told Herzog of the benefits the Sandinistas have brought them, and of government efforts to redress past mistakes. At La Isla de Upá, a state coffee farm in Matagalpa province populated mostly by Miskitos, for example, the *campesinos'* gains since 1979 are clear. A new health center there has vaccinated all the children, and polio has been eradicated. Malnutrition is a thing of the past. The schoolhouse holds classes for children and adults both in Miskito and in Spanish—a nationwide policy since the multilingual literacy campaign of 1980. The coffee pickers' union representative is a Miskito, and Miskitos are fully integrated into the militia that defends the farm from *contra* attacks. They are terribly unhappy about being displaced from the Río Coco, but the Miskitos do not wish to return to a war zone, and the Sandinistas have pledged they will be able to reclaim their land once the war is over. In last November's election the Miskitos at La Isla voted overwhelmingly for the Sandinistas, one sign that they take the promise seriously.

On March 26 Brooklyn Rivera renewed negotiations in Bogotá with National Directorate member Luis Carrión over the question of Miskito political autonomy. Steadman Fagoth, on the other hand, has called "all those who talk, negotiate or reach pacts with" the Sandinistas "anti-patriotic criminals." Werner Herzog has apparently taken sides with those committed to a continuation of war. Not only does *Ballad of the Little Soldier* offer no help; it will undoubtedly add to the damage. □

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PROJECT DIRECTOR. The Center for Innovative Diplomacy, a nonprofit research organization dedicated to reducing the threat of nuclear war, is looking for a project director. Responsibilities: writing articles for C.I.D.'s journal, working with the journal DAEDALUS in organizing an issue on citizen diplomacy, creating new projects and assisting in fund-raising. Qualifications: a graduate degree, a strong writing background and a strong political commitment to achieving nuclear disarmament through creative citizen diplomacy initiatives. Salary: \$20K-24K plus benefits. To apply: send a resume and at least three writing samples to Meg Bowman, C.I.D., 644 Emerson Street, Suite 28, Palo Alto, CA 94301.

DIRECTOR. National public interest, public relations/media access organization seeks a creative person for program, fund raising and administration. This nonprofit organization works with the mass media and a wide variety of nongovernmental groups on Central America policy. Skills: news judgment, media/writing experience, fund-raising ability. Salary \$20K-24K. Send resume and writing samples to Director, Caribbean Basin Information Project, 1826 18th Street N.W., Washington, DC 20009.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR. The Committee for Responsible Genetics is a national nonprofit public interest organization concerned about the impacts of biotechnology. Duties: fund raising, production of publication, policy and program development and administrative and fiscal management. Requirements: ability to provide leadership, work independently, communicate, write, edit, organize and fund raise. To apply: send resume to the Search Committee, CRG, 5 Doane Street, 4th floor, Boston, MA 02109.

ALTERNATIVE JOB/INTERNSHIP OPPORTUNITIES! The environment, women's rights, disarmament, media, health, community organizing, and more. Current nationwide listings, \$3. **COMMUNITY JOBS**, Box 1105, 1520 16th Street N.W., Washington, DC 20036.

PUBLICATIONS

TECHNOCRACY - TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for \$2 from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

PUBLICATIONS

THE PEOPLE. Socialist biweekly covering major national/international developments. Since 1891. \$4/one year, includes free pamphlet, "Capitalism and Unemployment." \$1/four months. The People (N1), 914 Industrial Avenue, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

THE OTHER ISRAEL, newsletter of Israeli Council for Israeli-Palestinian Peace. Sample copy from AICPP, 4816 Cornell, Downers Grove, IL 60515.

PLAINSWOMAN publishes articles, fiction and poetry about rural women in the Plains region. Monthly. 16 pages. Subscription \$10 or \$15 supporter. Box 8027-NA, Grand Forks, ND 58202.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE U.S. ECONOMY? \$8, Socialist Party Favors, Box 8211-N, Des Moines, IA 50306. Free catalogue.

OFARI'S BI-MONTHLY. April-May, articles: "Who Controls the Press?" "The Secret Government War Against the Alternative Press," "The Conservative Assault on the Media." \$1.50 for the issue, yearly subscription \$8. Box 2368, Inglewood, CA 90305.

"FOOTNOTE ON AN HISTORIC CASE: IN RE ALGER HISS." This just-published booklet by author William A. Reuben identifies 114 factual errors in the Federal District Court of New York's 1982 decision upholding Hiss's conviction for perjury in 1950. This flawed decision, upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1983, stands as the last legal word on one of the most celebrated cases in modern history. 1 copy \$5, 10 copies \$40, 50 copies \$150, 100 copies \$250. Make checks payable to The Nation Institute and send to "Hiss," The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

RELIGION

136 + BIBLICAL CONTRADICTIONS, 49 Biblical Absurdities, More! \$3. Crusade Publications, Box 200-U, Redmond, WA 98052.

JESUS FICTIONAL—NEVER EXISTED! Scholarly booklet proves Flavius Josephus created Jesus, Gospels. \$4—Vector, Box 6215-A, Bellevue, WA 98008.

SUMMER CAMPS

CAMP HURLEY is an interracial, interethnic summer camp in upstate New York that involves young people, ages 7 to 17, in learning to struggle for democratic values. Request brochure from United Community Centers, 833 Van Siclen Avenue, Brooklyn, NY 11207.

CAMP KINDERLAND. Progressive, secular Jewish, humanist. Celebrate black, Hispanic and other ethnic cultures; explore labor, women's, peace and freedom movements. Full recreation program, noncompetitive, loving community, children 7 to 16. 1 Union Square West, New York, NY 10003. (212) 255-6283.

TRAVEL

THE HERITAGE OF CHINA

Explore China. Learn about Chinese culture in contrasting regions, including Xi'an. August 5 to 22. Reasonably priced. Graduate credit available. Write Intentional Travel, 209 Damron Drive, N. Manchester, IN 46962 or call (219) 982-4687.

For the convenience of those who wish to place a classified notice in *THE NATION*:

RATES: \$.80 per word, 15 word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words, abbreviations and zip codes as one. Classified Display: \$35/column inch. Copy deadline 17 days prior to issue date. **Payment must accompany order.**

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VIETNAM VETERANS

DRAFTED VIETNAM CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS and G.I.s who sought C.O. discharges. Writing a book about us. Contact Jerry Gioglio, 56 Joyce Kilmer Avenue, New Brunswick, NJ 08901.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2051

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R	S	O	P	R	P	N	W									
A	N	T	E	N	N	A		T	W	E	L	F	T	H		
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I	A	E	E	N	E	P										
C	U	T	L	A	S	S		S	A	D	D	L	E	R		
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R	O	V	A	A	S	N	R									
I	N	T	E	R	M	I	T	T	E	N	T	L	I			

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For information, write or call: Office of the Publisher, *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011 (212) 242-8400.

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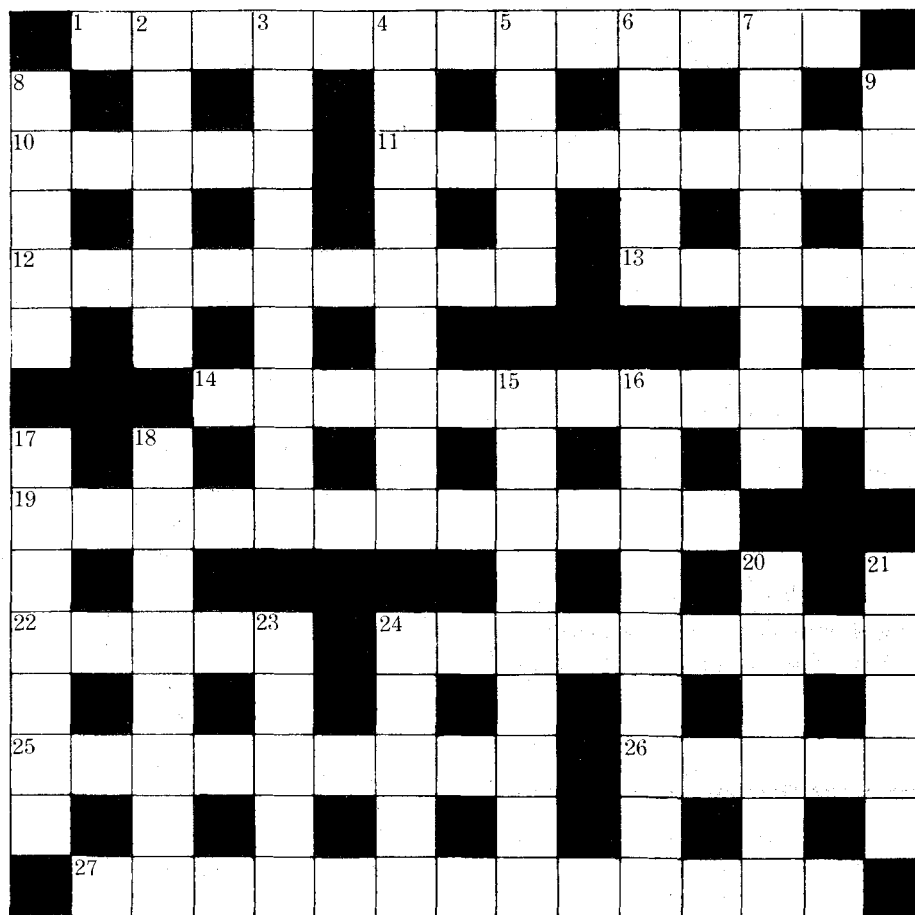
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Crossword Puzzle No. 2052

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Tempus fugit (but with the infantry rather than the Air Force). (4,7,2)
- 10 Dog in any basic or given category. (5)
- 11 Their habits may be expensive—an indication deer's around it. (9)
- 12 Lets the sound escape, evidently, which is just peachy! (9)
- 13 Time starts out to be somewhat less than permanent! (5)
- 14 What we await after exposure? (12)
- 19 It makes even parting last. (Very bright on one quarter.) (12)
- 22 Fish one wouldn't want in the kitchen? (5)
- 24 Bramble barrier for the psychologist. (9)
- 25 The ban in Albania, among other things? (5,4)
- 26 and 16 down The butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker. (Jerome's sailors were in a somewhat larger vessel.) (5,3,2,1,3)
- 27 What the frisky tow-path mule might go for? (It could be a sign of depression.) (1,3,2,3,4)
- 8 Tailored cuffs, but one wouldn't want to see such on top of shoes. (5)
- 9 The sort of pose to employ if you want to marry. (7)
- 15 Calling for bones and mashed potatoes—spelt with an H. (9)
- 16 See 26 across
- 17 Where one might learn nothing is superior to a German city. (7)
- 18 The lip turns up on a flower, being engaged in a wall from which it projects. (8)
- 20 You might consider it corn, when ground, or fruit. (6)
- 21 Straight up or straight down and obviously horizontal vertically. (5)
- 23 Indian uprising or found in such as Attila. (5)
- 24 It's a bad lot an eagle might have! (5)

SEE LAST WEEK'S
SOLUTION AT LEFT

DOWN

- 2 Is not quite real, but it's a genuine place! (6)
- 3 Cast, possibly—being vile if really bad orthography is used. (4,5)
- 4 One way to find a dead Roman in heaven. (9)
- 5 Sounds like the first word in 3 might be un-touchable. (5)
- 6 Pieces of this were once used for money. (5)
- 7 The fair might keep one. (It's nothing to write with care, evidently.) (4,4)

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. Find out why "little skipper" is a "truant." Send for a free copy of Frank W. Lewis's Ground Rules to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

HOW TO TALK TO TEENAGERS ABOUT DRINKING AND DRIVING.

KEEPING OUT OF HARM'S WAY.

Teenagers can get into a lot of trouble with alcohol. Even teenagers who don't drink. Often they aren't aware of the facts.

A new view of the statistics shows where part of the problem lies, and can lead to a better communication between adults and teenagers.

Teenagers are in the high-risk group. People between the ages of 16 and 24 represent only 20 percent of the licensed drivers of our country. But that same group is involved in 42 percent of all the alcohol-related fatal crashes. When you think about that, two tragic things are revealed:

First, not all teenagers killed in such accidents are themselves drunk at the time. Often they have had nothing to drink at all, but are passengers in cars driven by teenagers who have been drinking.

Second, teenagers are often on the roads late at night, especially on weekends, when most crashes involving alcohol occur. They are targets for cars driven by people who have had too much to drink.

Some facts about alcohol you might want to discuss with teenagers are often surprising to adults:

- One can of beer, as well as one four-ounce glass of table wine, and one 1.2-ounce drink of 80-proof liquor are all equally intoxicating. The risk is the same regardless of what you've been drinking.

- The legal definition of intoxication is based on "Blood Alcohol Concentration" or "BAC." If you have a BAC of .10 percent, you are legally drunk in most states. But for drivers or drinkers who are less experienced, a BAC of .05 percent, or sometimes lower, can be dangerous.

- Even relatively low levels of alcohol can reduce your tolerance to injury, increasing the danger in an accident.

Arm your teenagers with the facts and give them time to reflect on them.

If expected to show good judgment, teenagers are more likely to live up to it.

Please discuss the problem of drinking and driving with your teenagers now, and if you think this advertisement will help, ask them to read it.

And keep in mind, that the best way to teach young people—as they may tell you—is by example.

The people of General Motors care, and urge teenagers, and their parents, to give serious thought to the dangers of drinking and driving. It's something we all can do.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.



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